

Archie
ADVENTURE
SERIES

NO. 127 US \$2.19
CAN \$2.59



SEGA

SONIC

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

THE HEDGEHOG

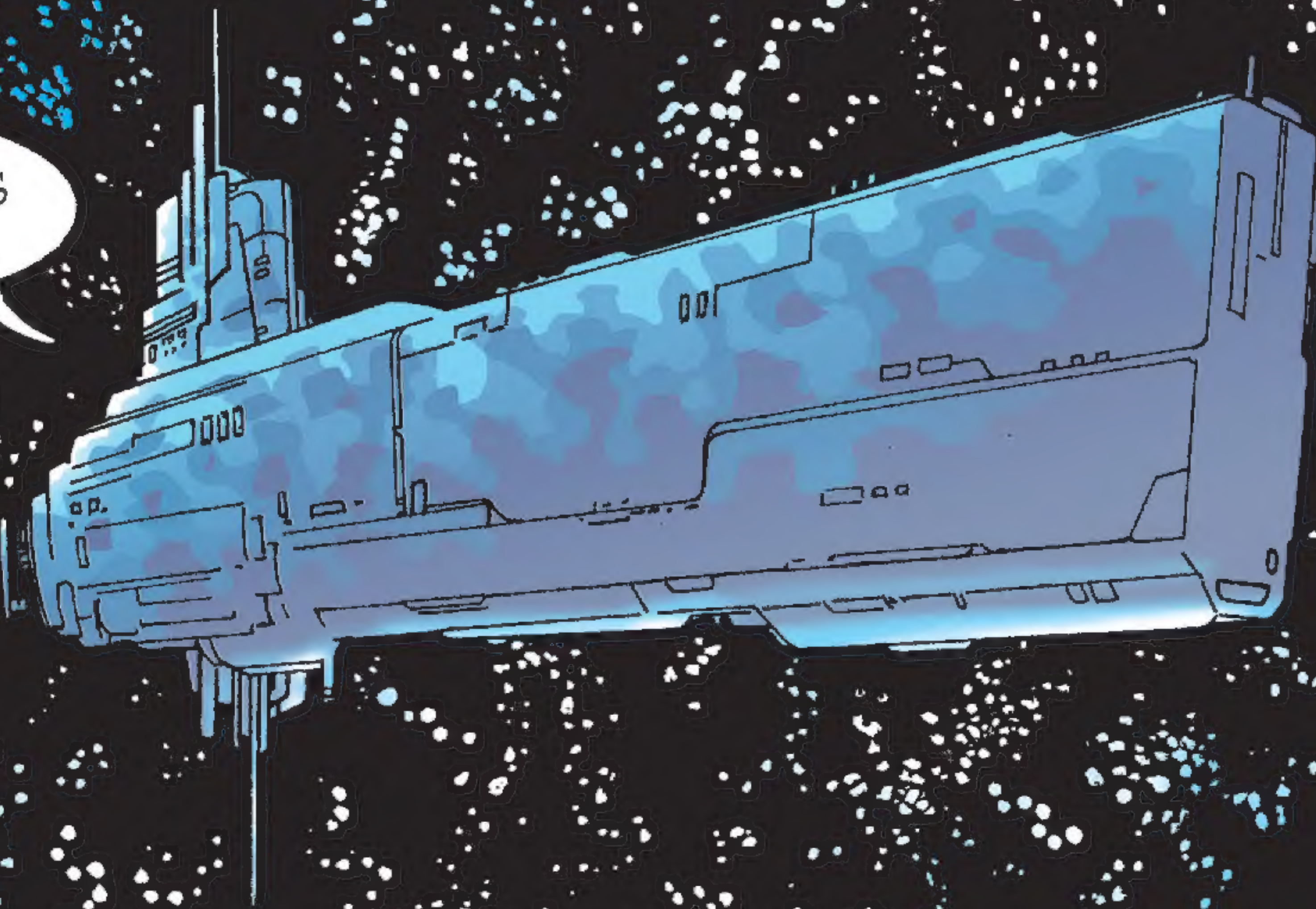


SPAZ
KIBETRO
D.D.P.A.

"TOSSED IN SPACE" PART THREE **EVO-SOLUTION**

BENNY LEE/STORY RON LIM/PENCILS CONOR TOMAS/INKS
JASON JENSEN/COLORS JEFF POWELL/LETTERER J.F. GABRIE/EDITOR
VICTOR GORELICK/MANAGING EDITOR RICHARD GOLDWATER/EDITOR IN CHIEF

OKAY, LET'S
SEE...

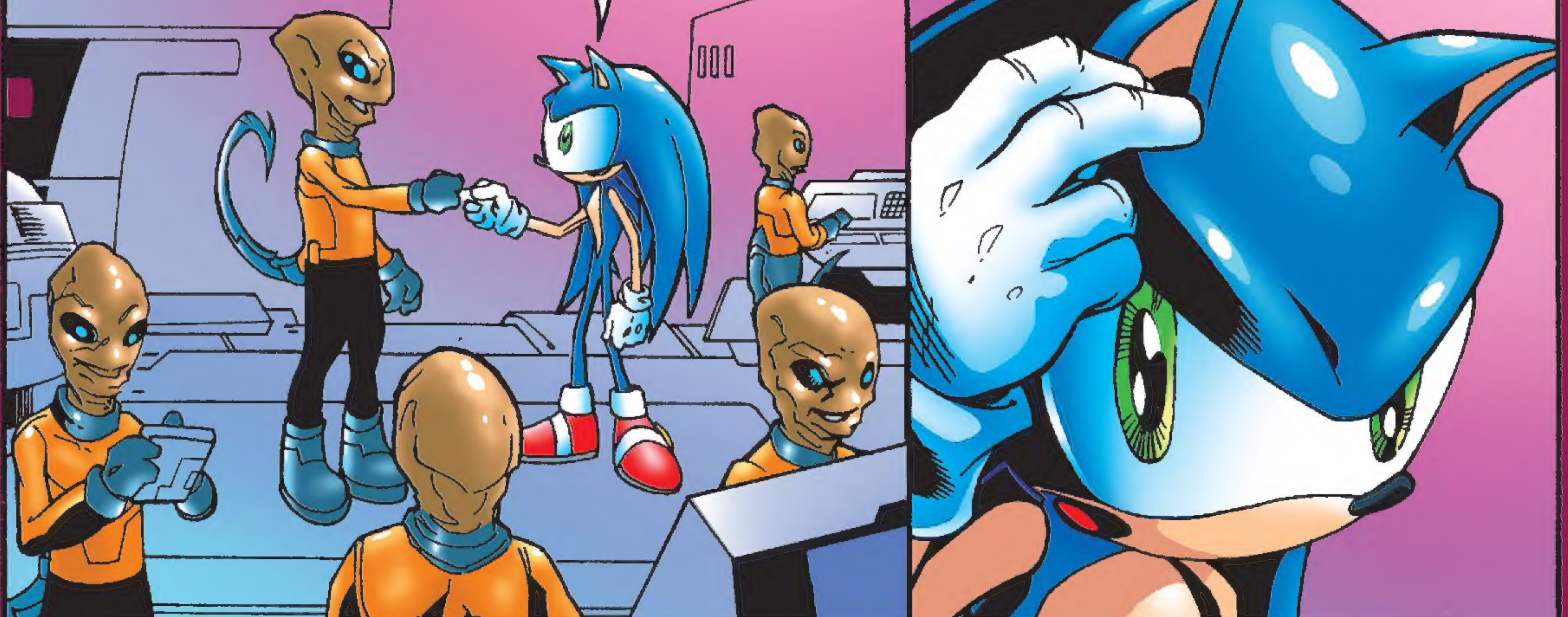


...THE *BLODEX* SAID THAT
ONCE I WAS ONBOARD, YOU *D'NOVULANS*
WOULD GIVE ME AN *IMPLANT* THAT
COULD TRANSLATE ALL INTERGALACTIC
LINGO.

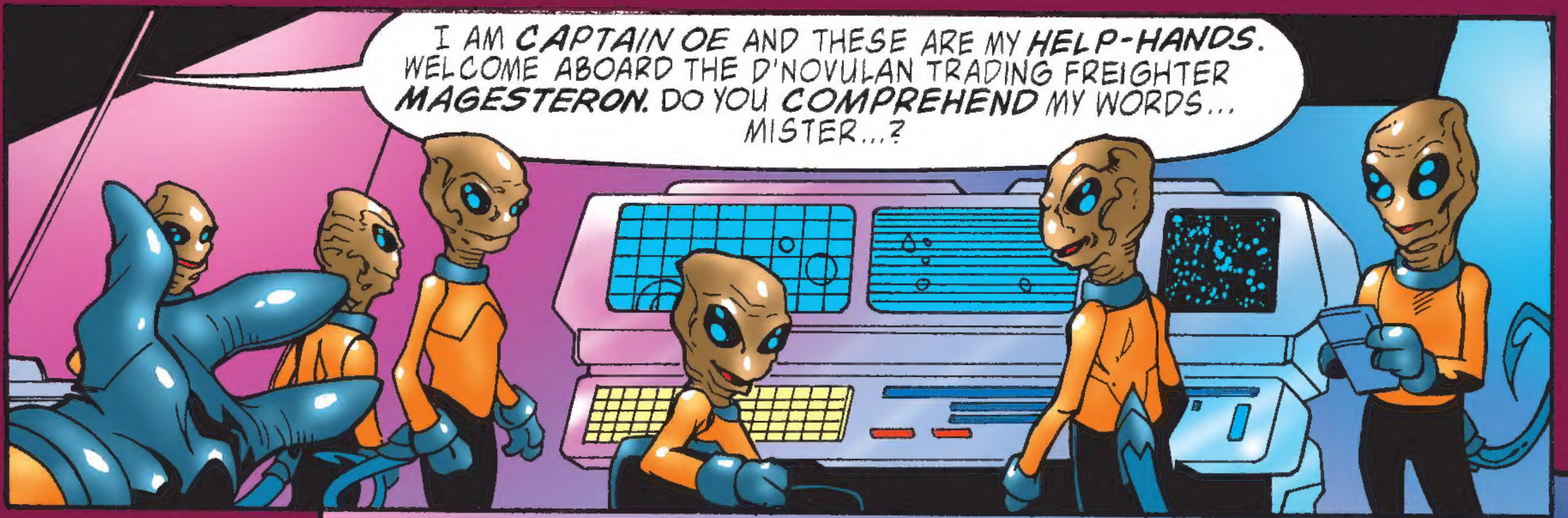
???

Uhh...
THANKS?

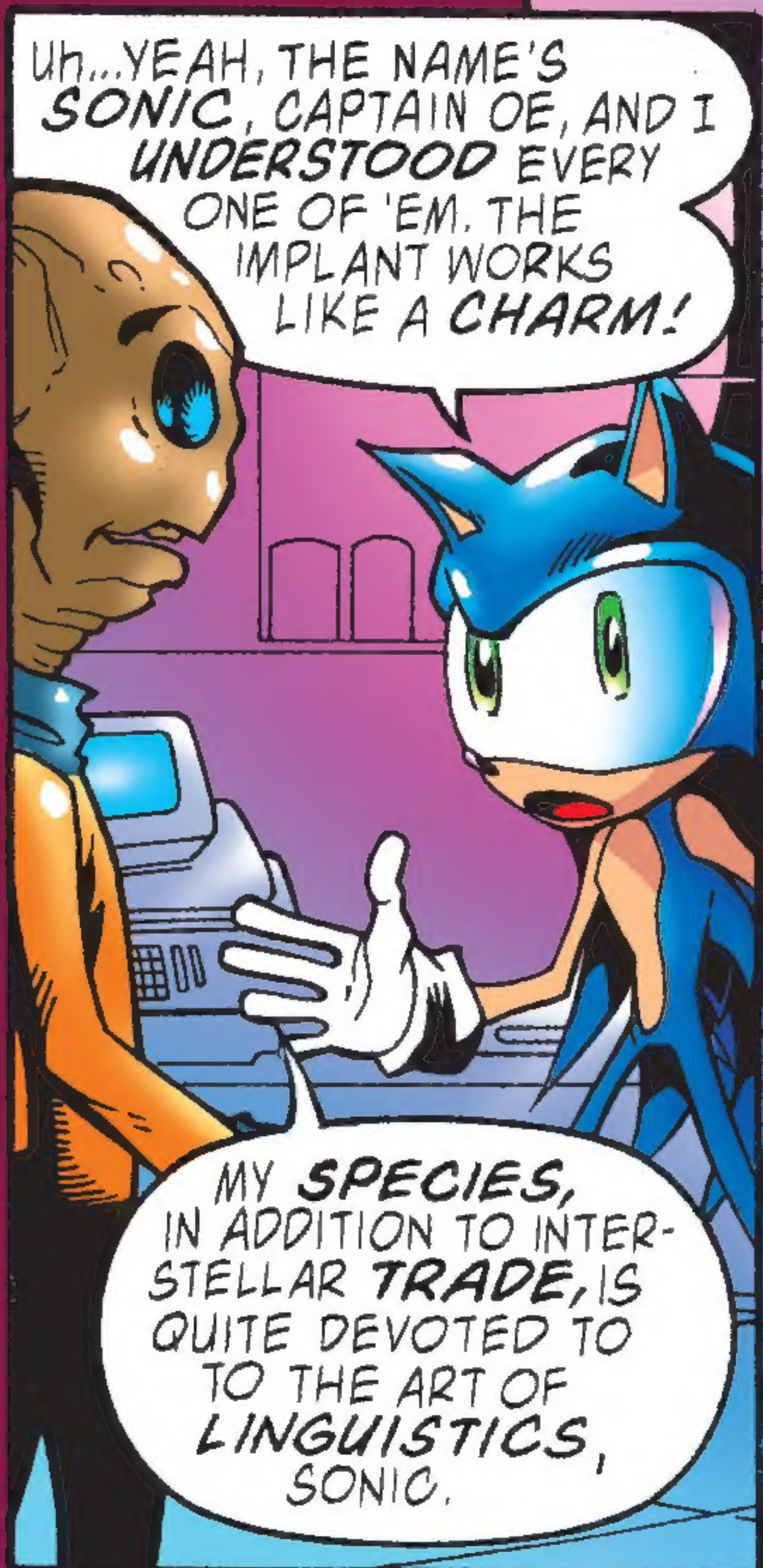
WELL, HERE
GOES *NOTHING*.
I'M ALL *EARS!*



SONIC THE HEDGEHOG (issn:10705090), No. 127, Nov., 2003. Published every 4 weeks, twice in April by Archie Comic Publications, Inc., 325 Fayette Avenue, Mamaroneck, NY 10543-2318. Richard H. Goldwater, President and Co-Publisher, Michael I. Silberkleit, Chairman and Co-Publisher. Single copies \$2.19 in the U.S.; \$2.59 in Canada. Subscription rate: U.S. \$28.47 for 13 issues; \$33.67 in Canada. All Canadian orders payable in U.S. funds. SEGA, Sonic The Hedgehog, and all related characters and indicia are either registered trademarks or trademarks of SEGA CORPORATION © 1991-2000. SEGA CORPORATION and SONICTEAM, LTD./SEGA CORPORATION © 2001-2003. All Rights Reserved. The product is manufactured under license from Sega of America, Inc., 650 Townsend St., Ste. 650, San Francisco, CA 94103 www.sega.com. Any similarities between characters, names, persons, and/or institutions in this book and any living, dead, or fictional characters, names, persons, and/or institutions are not intended and if they exist, are purely coincidental. Periodicals postage paid at the post office at Mamaroneck, New York and at additional mailing offices. Title registered in U.S. patent office. POSTMASTER, send address changes to SONIC THE HEDGEHOG, c/o Archie Comic Publications, Inc., 325 Fayette Avenue, Mamaroneck, NY 10543-2318. Printed in Canada

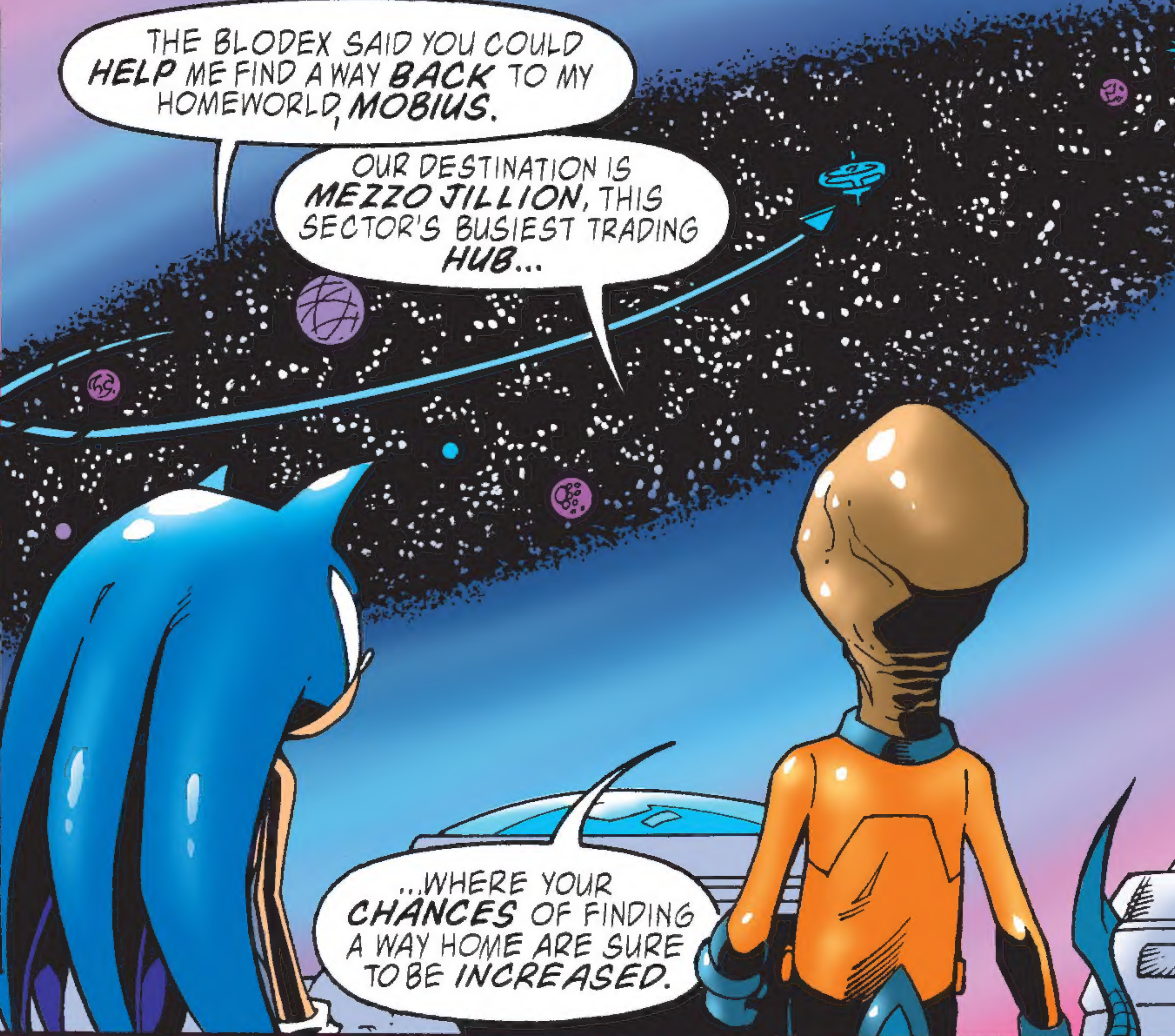


I AM **CAPTAIN OE** AND THESE ARE MY **HELP-HANDS**. WELCOME ABOARD THE D'NOVULAN TRADING FREIGHTER **MAGESTERON**. DO YOU **COMPREHEND** MY WORDS... MISTER...?



Uh...YEAH, THE NAME'S **SONIC**, **CAPTAIN OE**, AND I **UNDERSTOOD** EVERY ONE OF 'EM. THE **IMPLANT** WORKS LIKE A **CHARM!**

MY **SPECIES**, IN ADDITION TO **INTER-STAR**LAR **TRADE**, IS QUITE DEVOTED TO TO THE **ART OF LINGUISTICS**, **SONIC**.



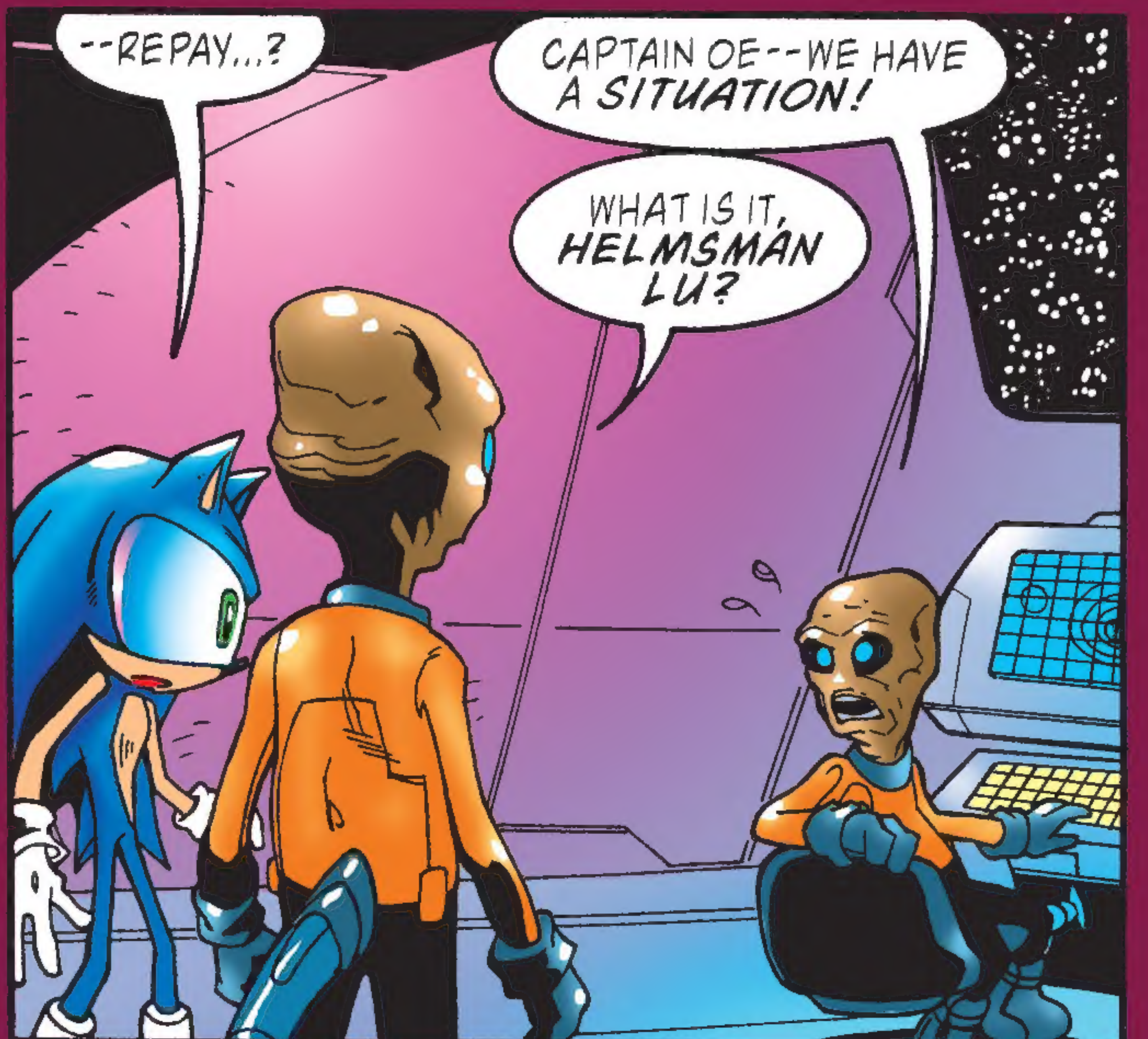
THE **BLODEX** SAID YOU COULD **HELP** ME FIND A WAY **BACK** TO MY **HOMEWORLD**, **MOBIUS**.

OUR **DESTINATION** IS **MEZZO JILLION**, THIS **SECTOR'S** BUSIEST **TRADING HUB**...

...WHERE YOUR **CHANCES** OF FINDING A WAY HOME ARE SURE TO BE **INCREASED**.



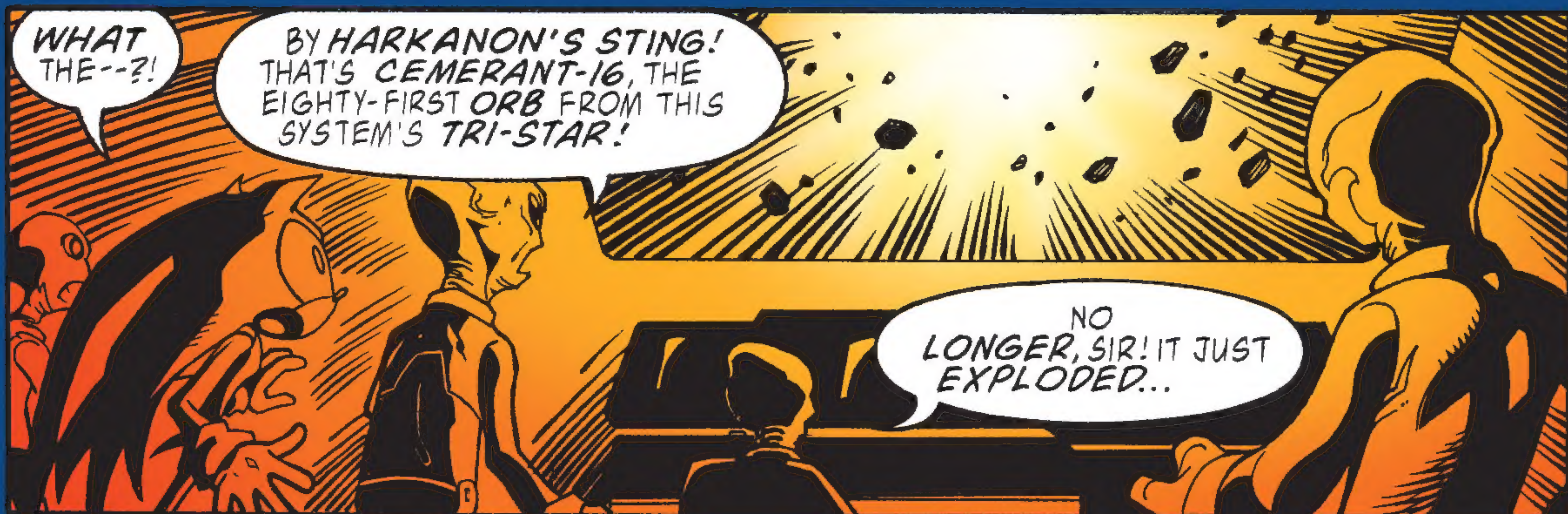
THANKS, **DUDES!** THIS IS **ONE FAVOR** I DON'T KNOW HOW TO--



--**REPAY**...?

CAPTAIN OE--WE HAVE A **SITUATION!**

WHAT IS IT, **HELMSMAN LU?**



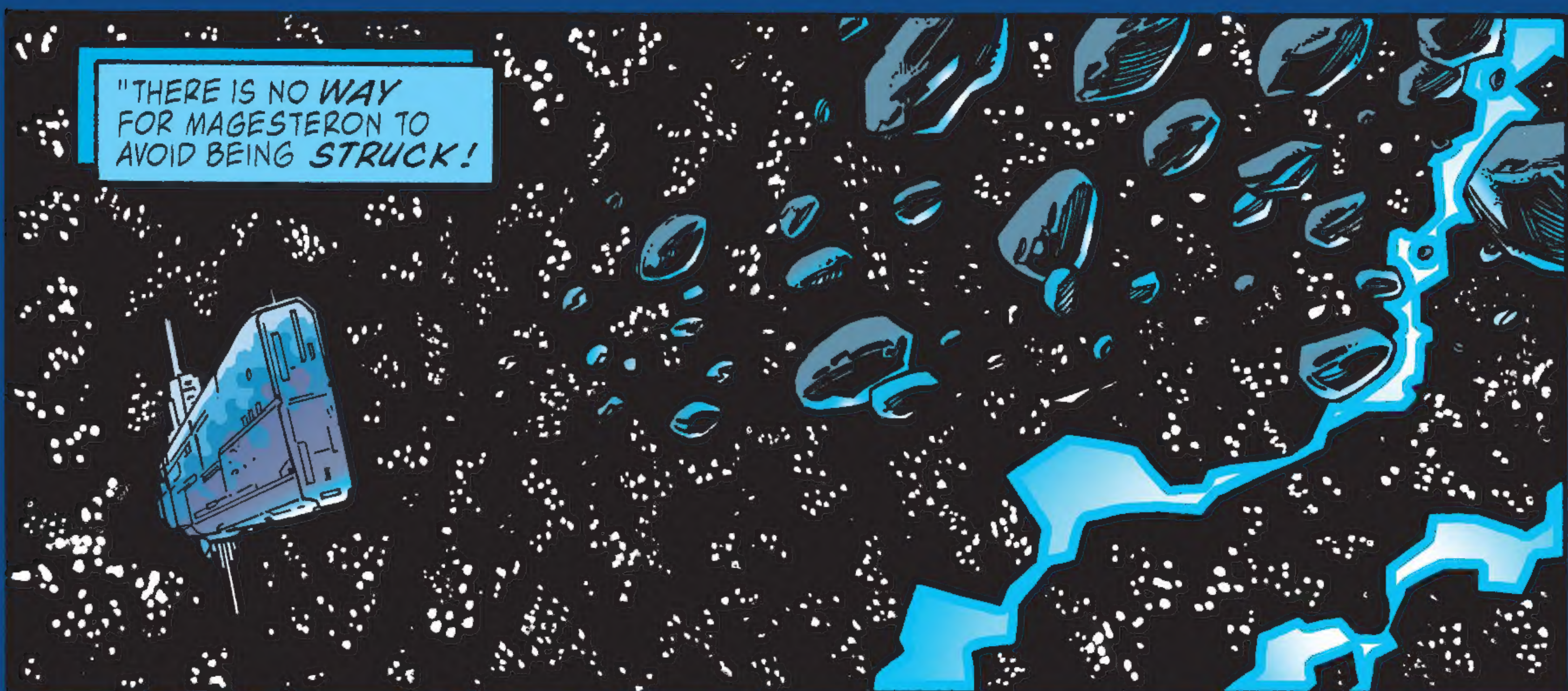
WHAT THE--?!

BY HARKANON'S STING! THAT'S CEMERANT-16, THE EIGHTY-FIRST ORB FROM THIS SYSTEM'S TRI-STAR!

NO LONGER, SIR! IT JUST EXPLODED...



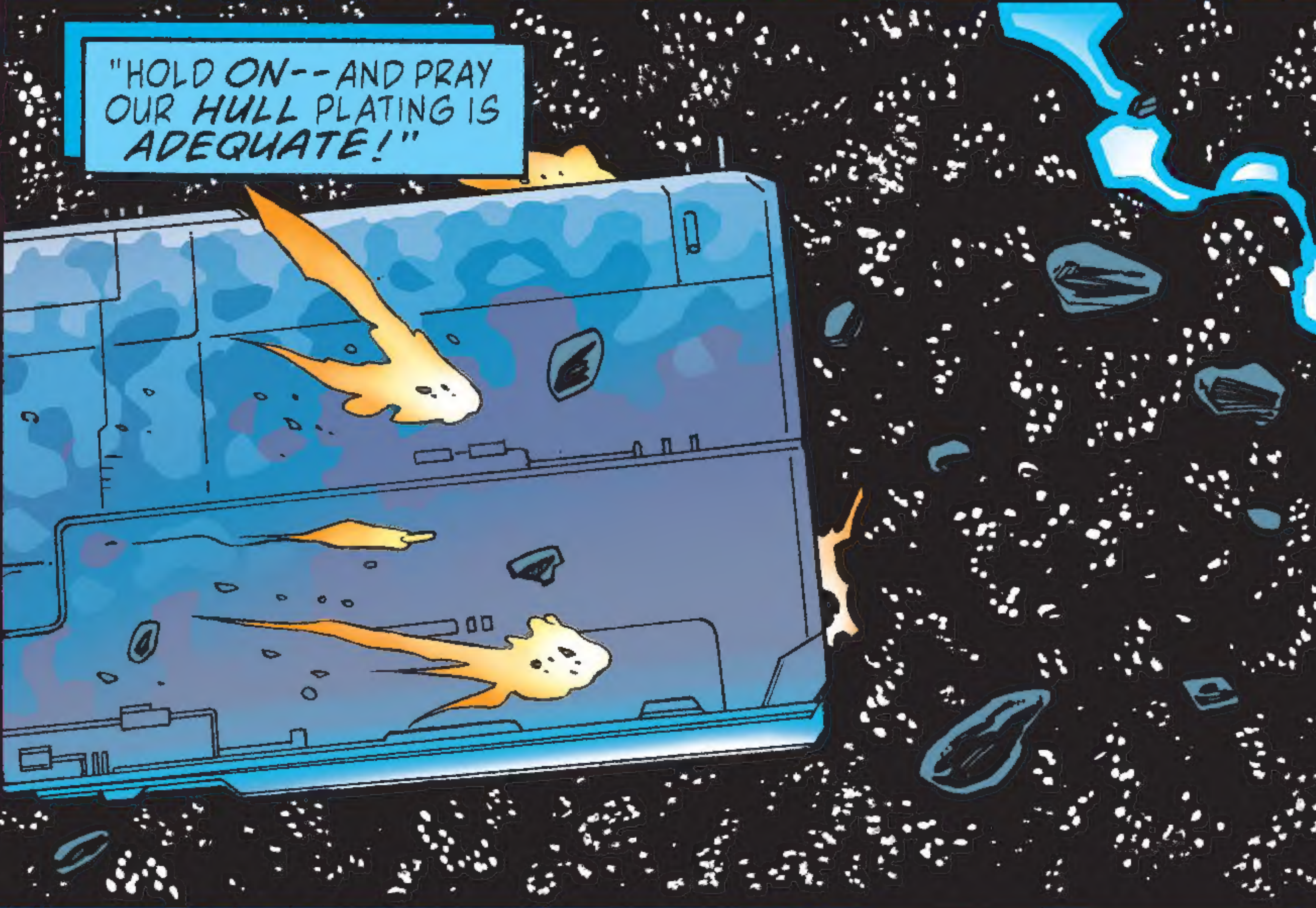
...SENDING FORTH A MASSIVE ANTI-WAVE OF SPACE DEBRIS IN ALL DIRECTIONS!



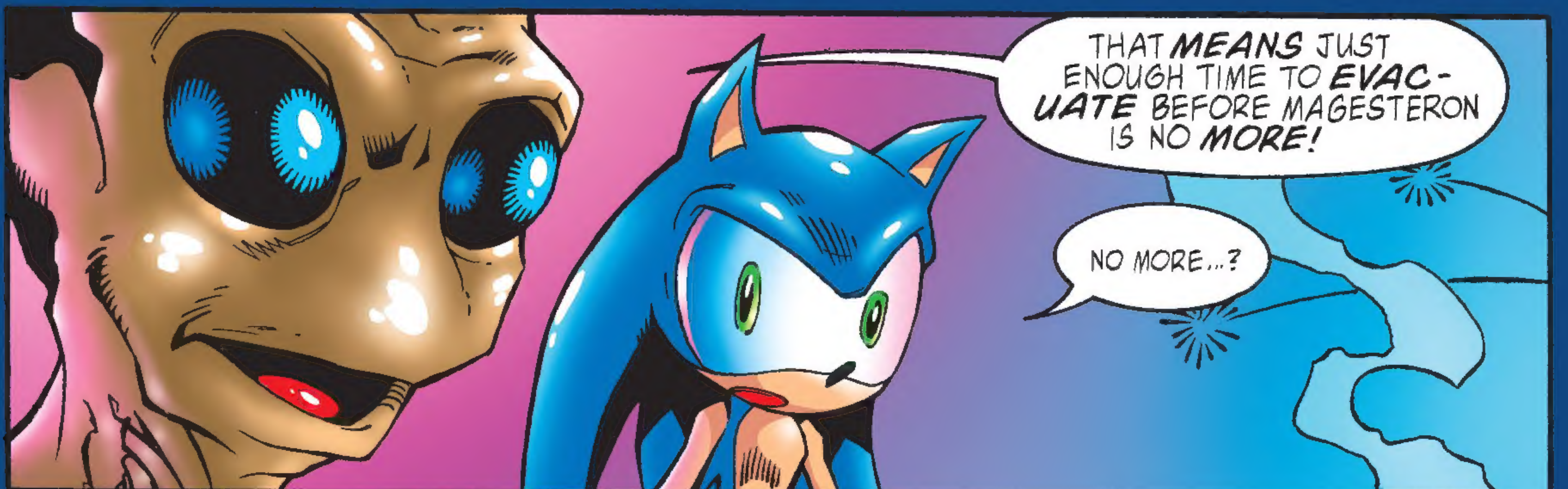
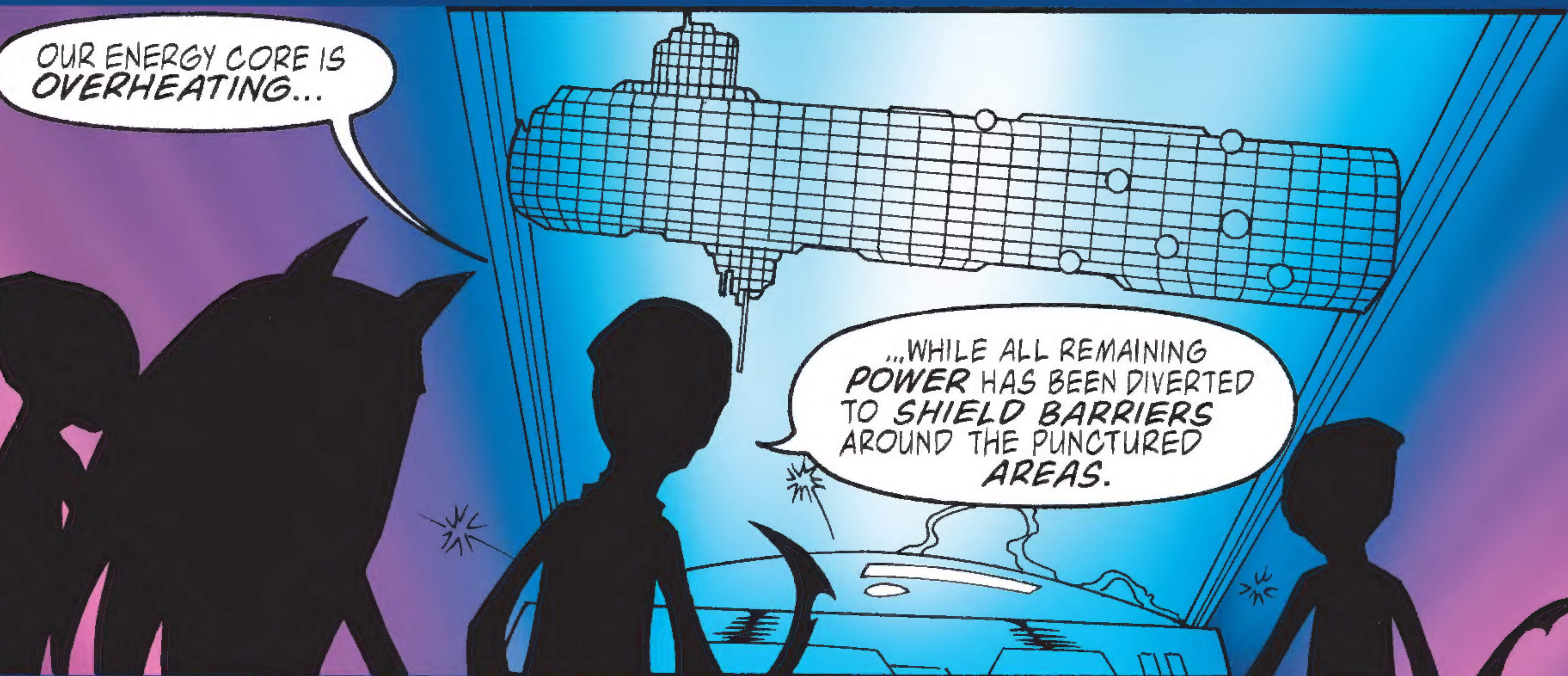
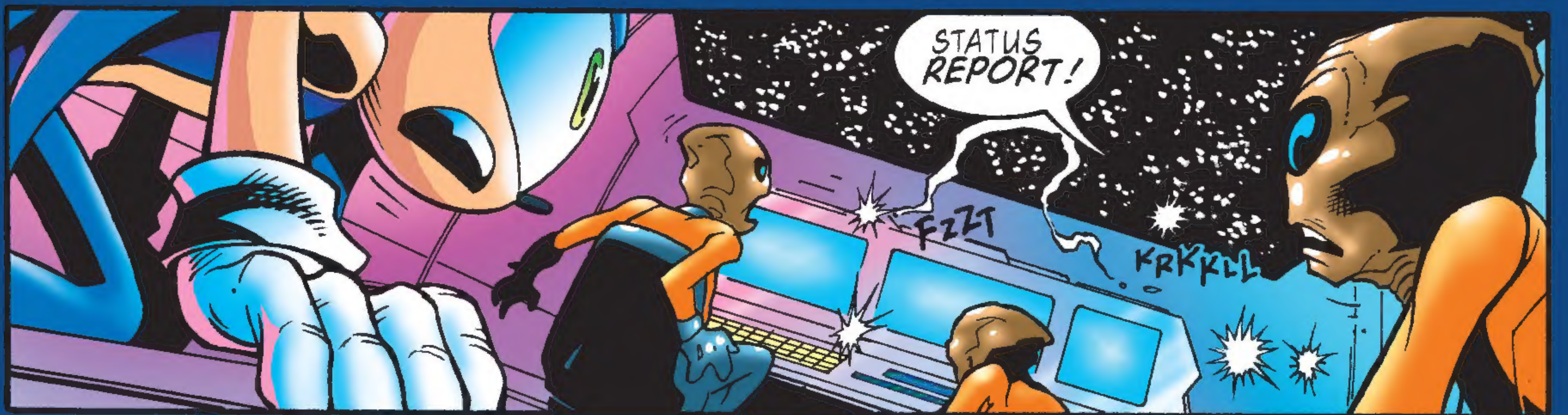
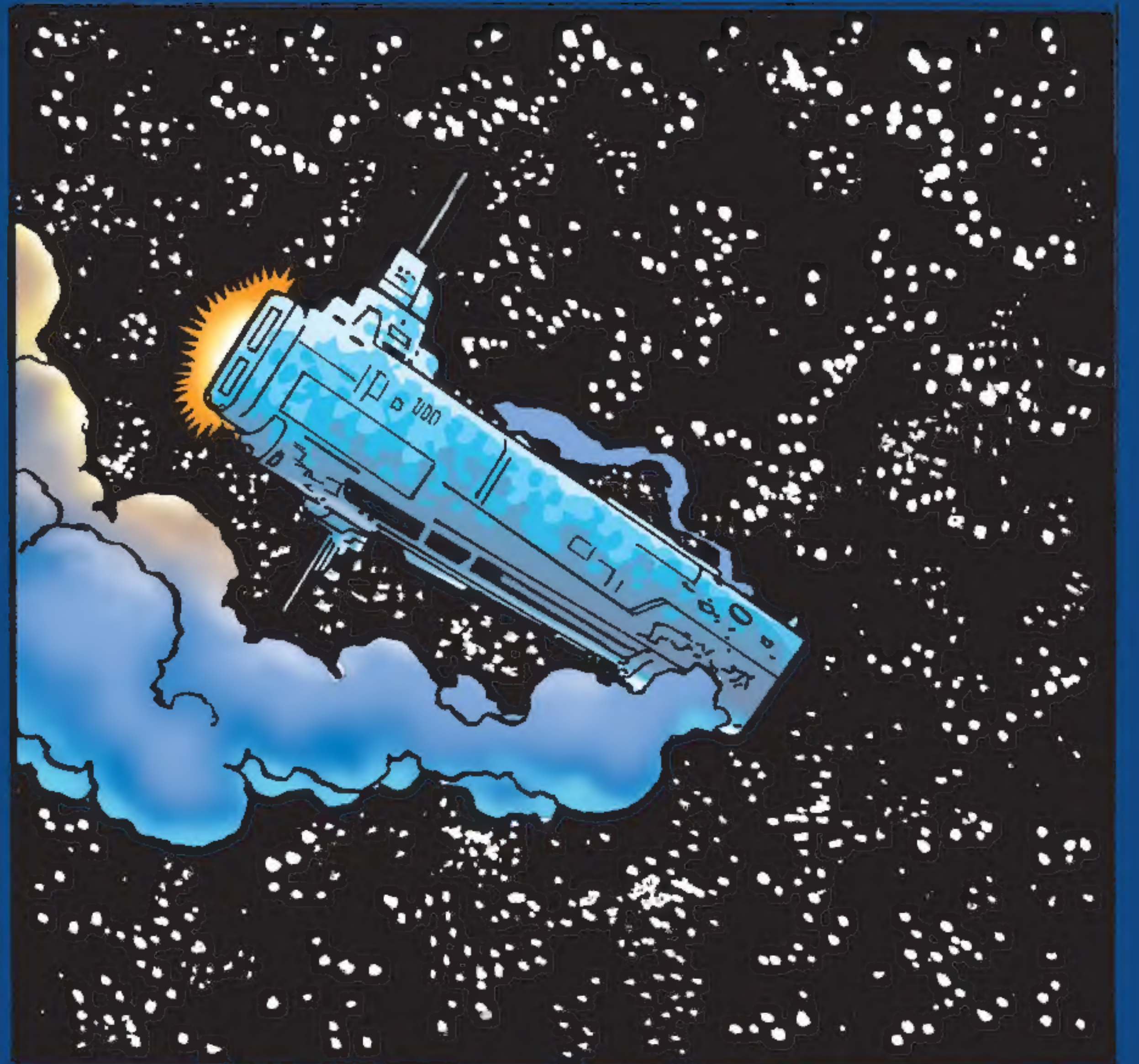
"THERE IS NO WAY FOR MAGESTERON TO AVOID BEING STRUCK!"



WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?!



"HOLD ON-- AND PRAY OUR HULL PLATING IS ADEQUATE!"

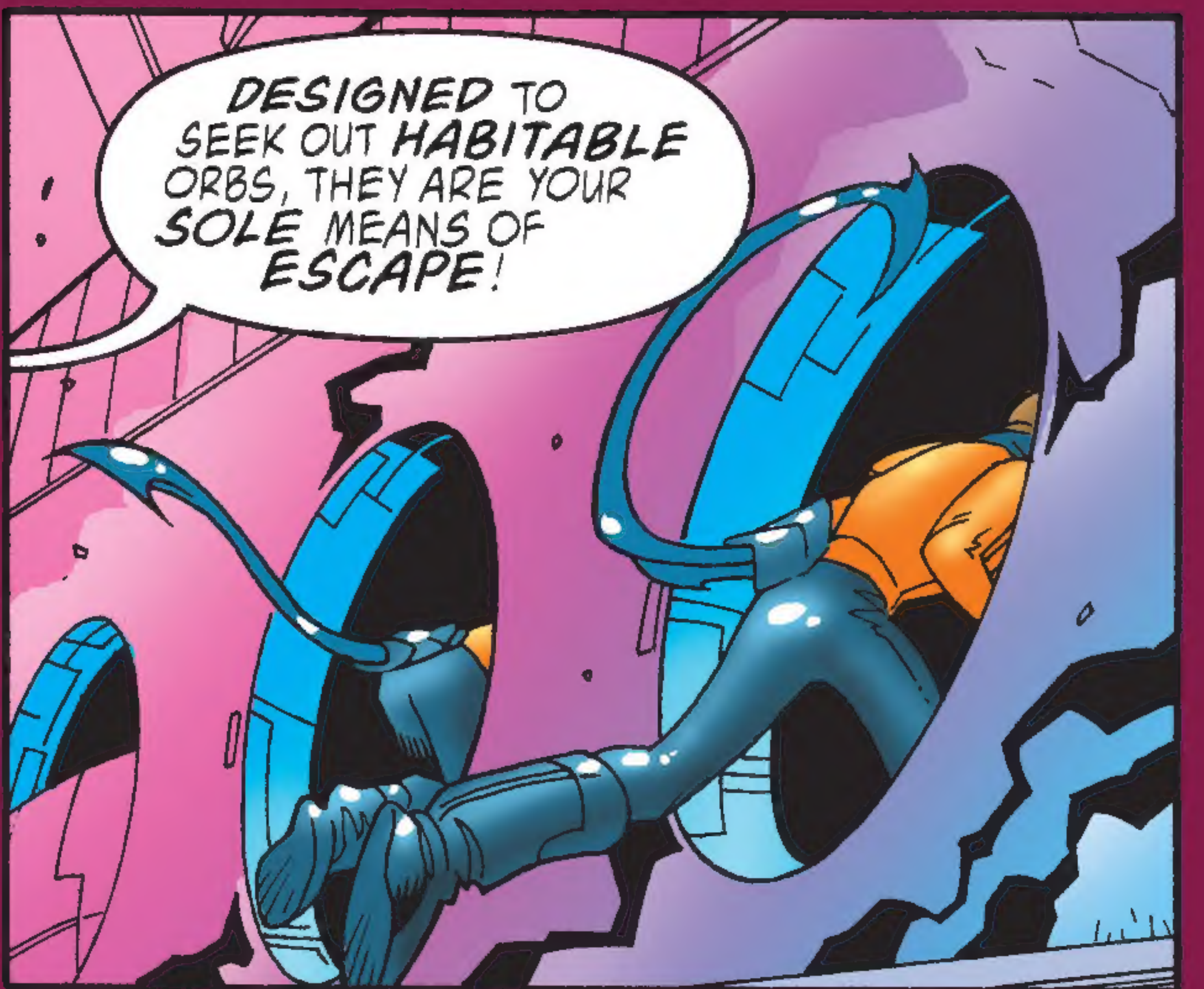


SOON...

WE HAVE LESS THAN A MINUTE LEFT, HELP-HANDS! HASTEN TO THE **BIO-PODS!**

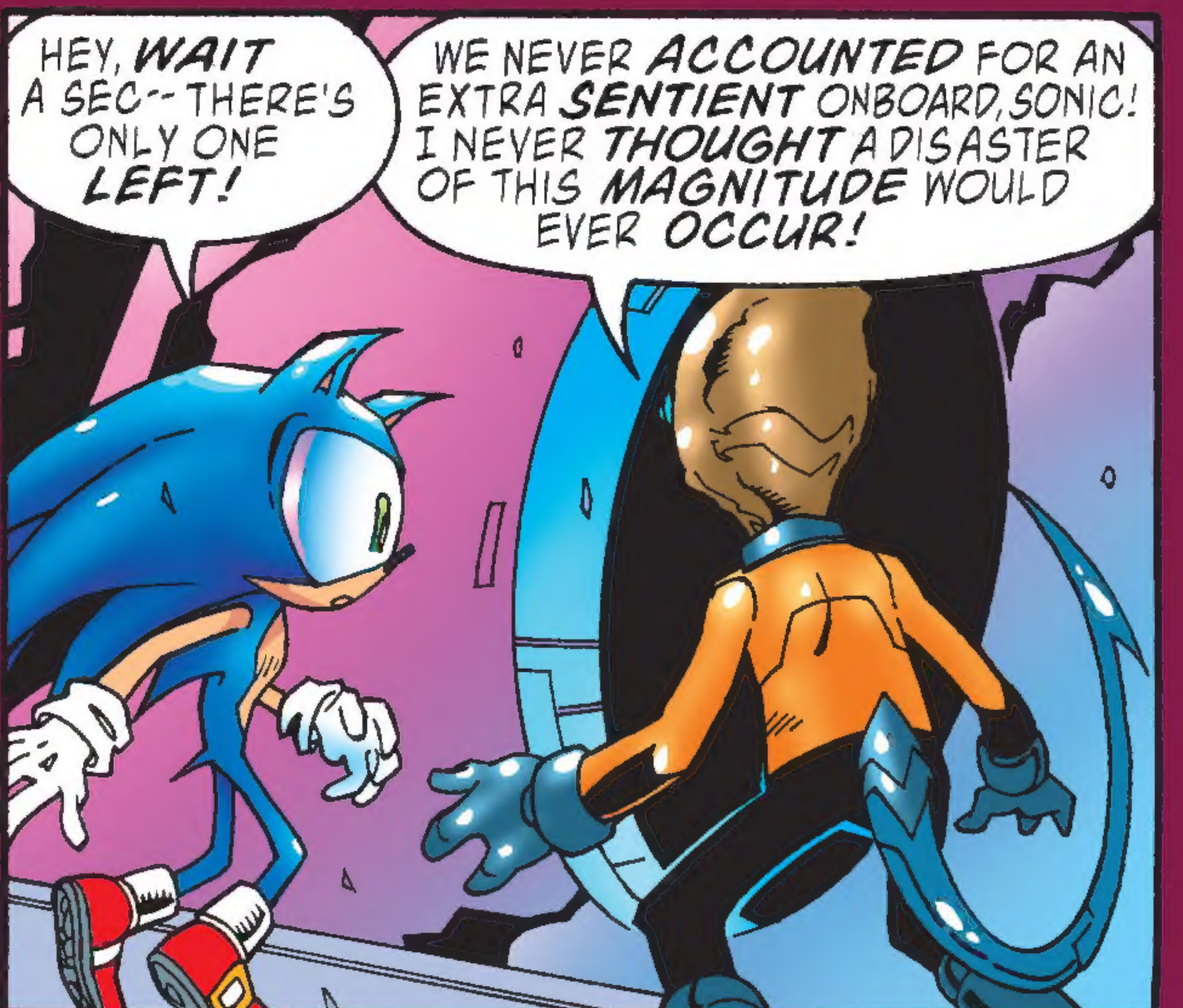


DESIGNED TO SEEK OUT **HABITABLE ORBS**, THEY ARE YOUR **SOLE MEANS OF ESCAPE!**

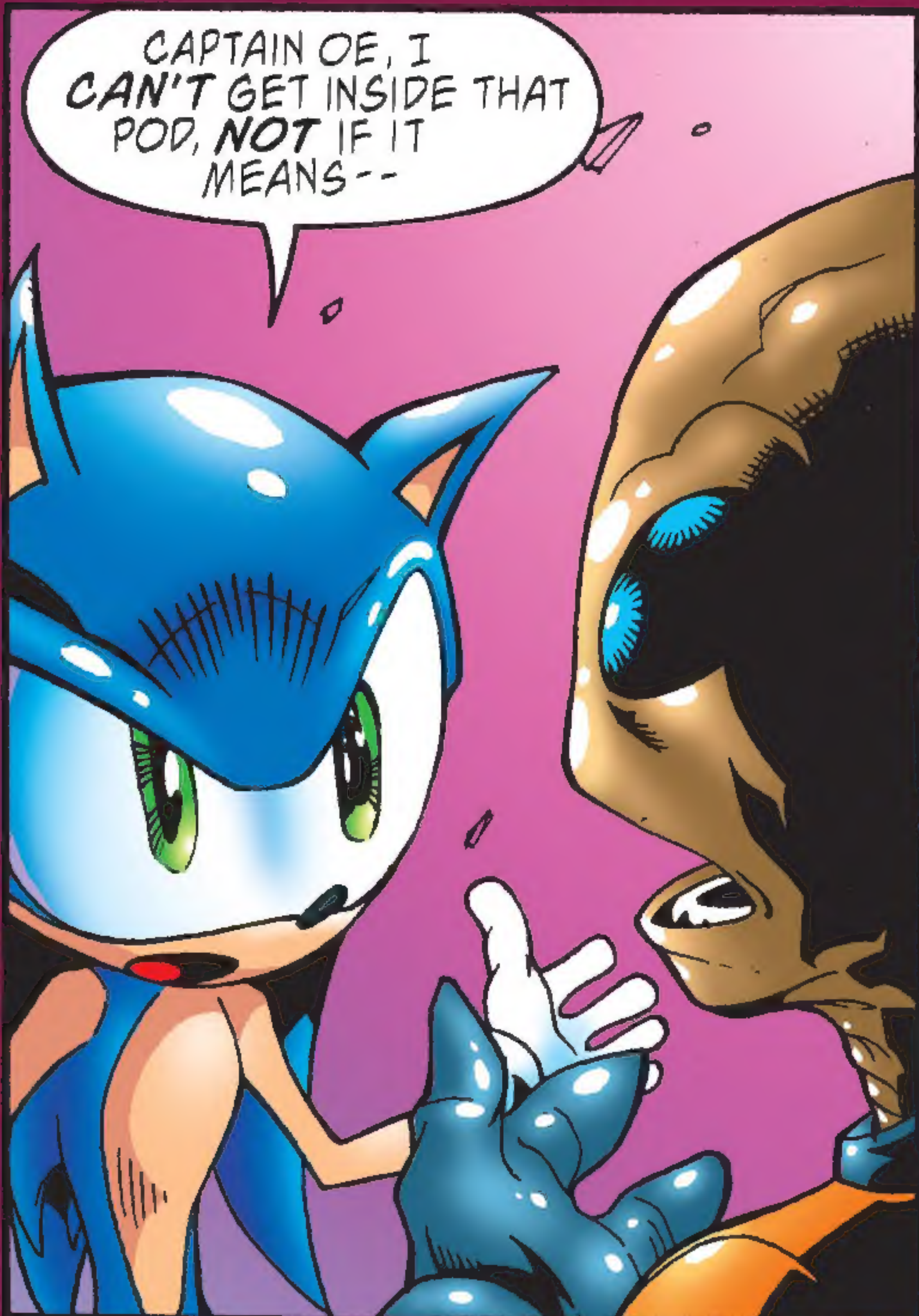


HEY, WAIT A SEC-- THERE'S ONLY ONE LEFT!

WE NEVER ACCOUNTED FOR AN EXTRA **SENTIENT** ONBOARD, SONIC! I NEVER THOUGHT A DISASTER OF THIS **MAGNITUDE** WOULD EVER OCCUR!



CAPTAIN OE, I CAN'T GET INSIDE THAT **POD**, NOT IF IT MEANS--

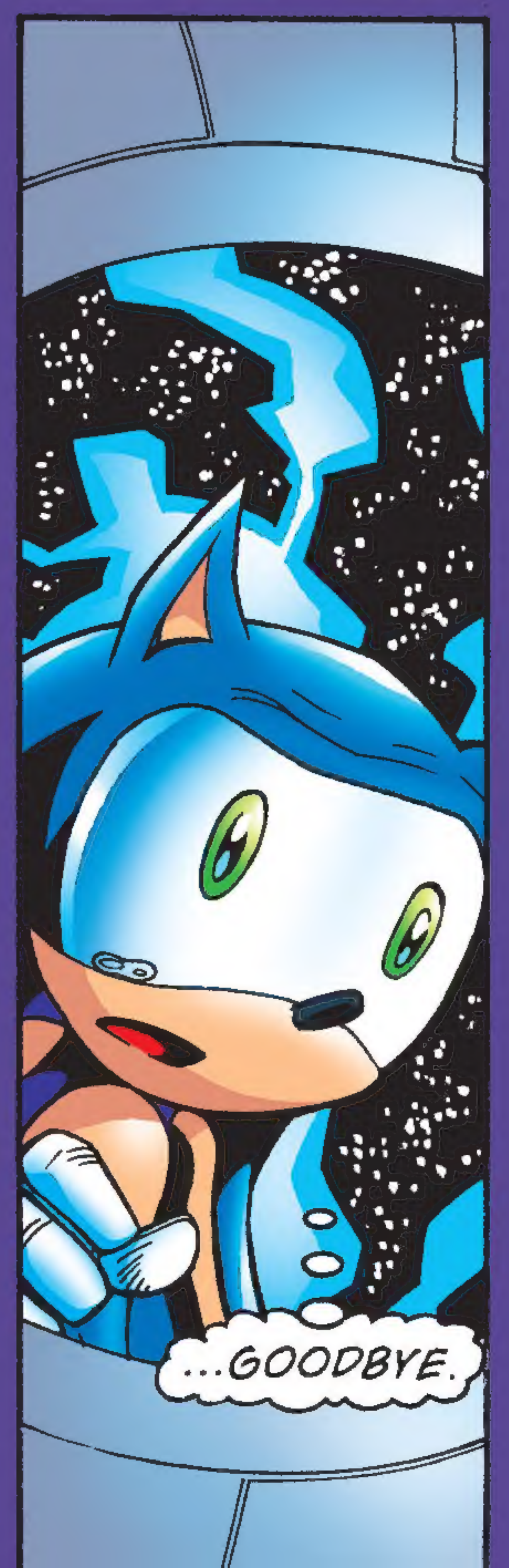
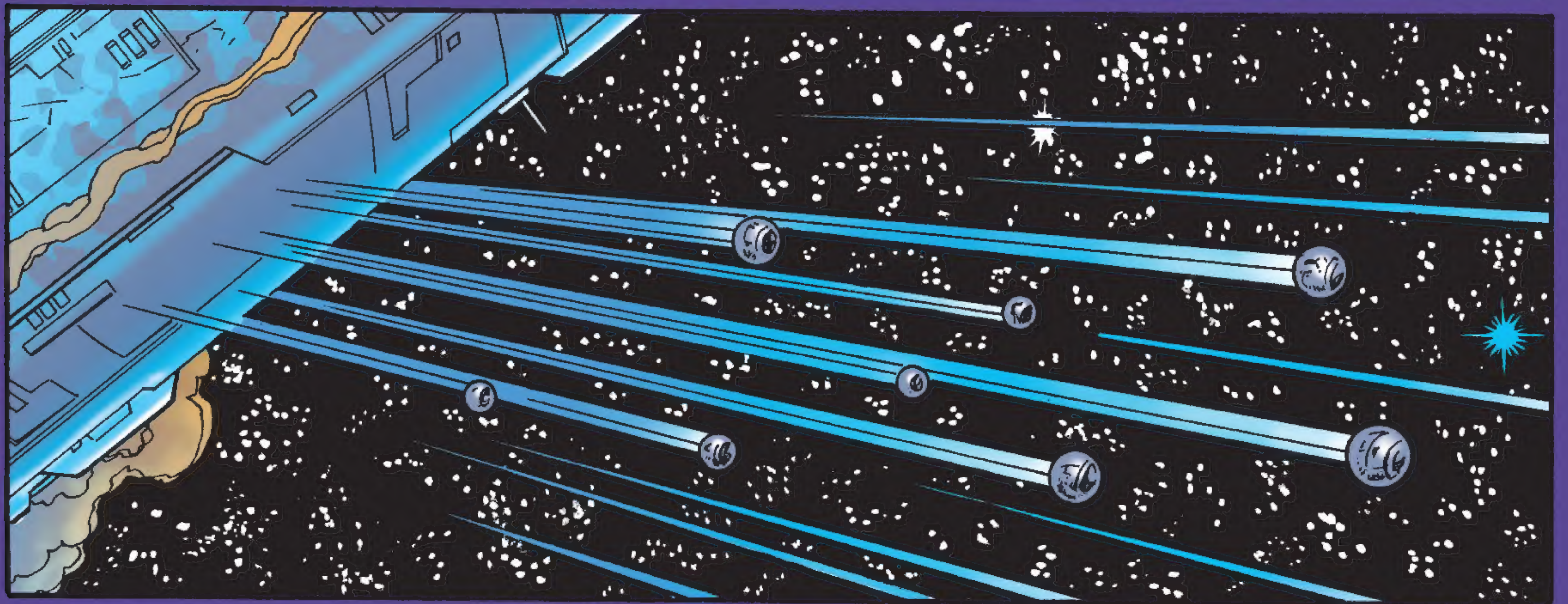


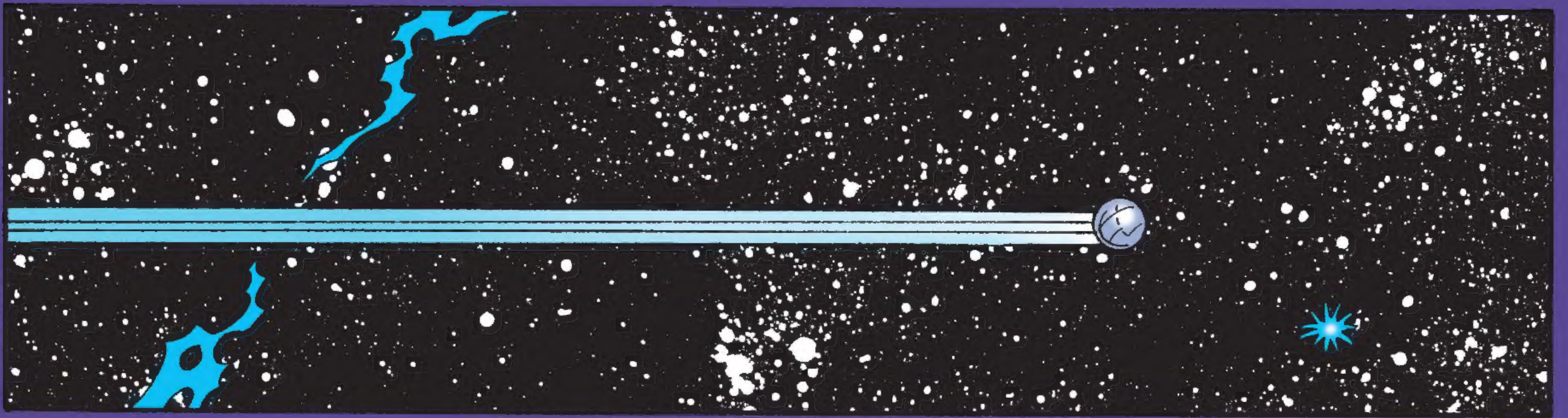
HEY!

HIS TAIL-- IT'S SOME KIND OF **STINGER!**

MY APOLOGIES, SONIC...



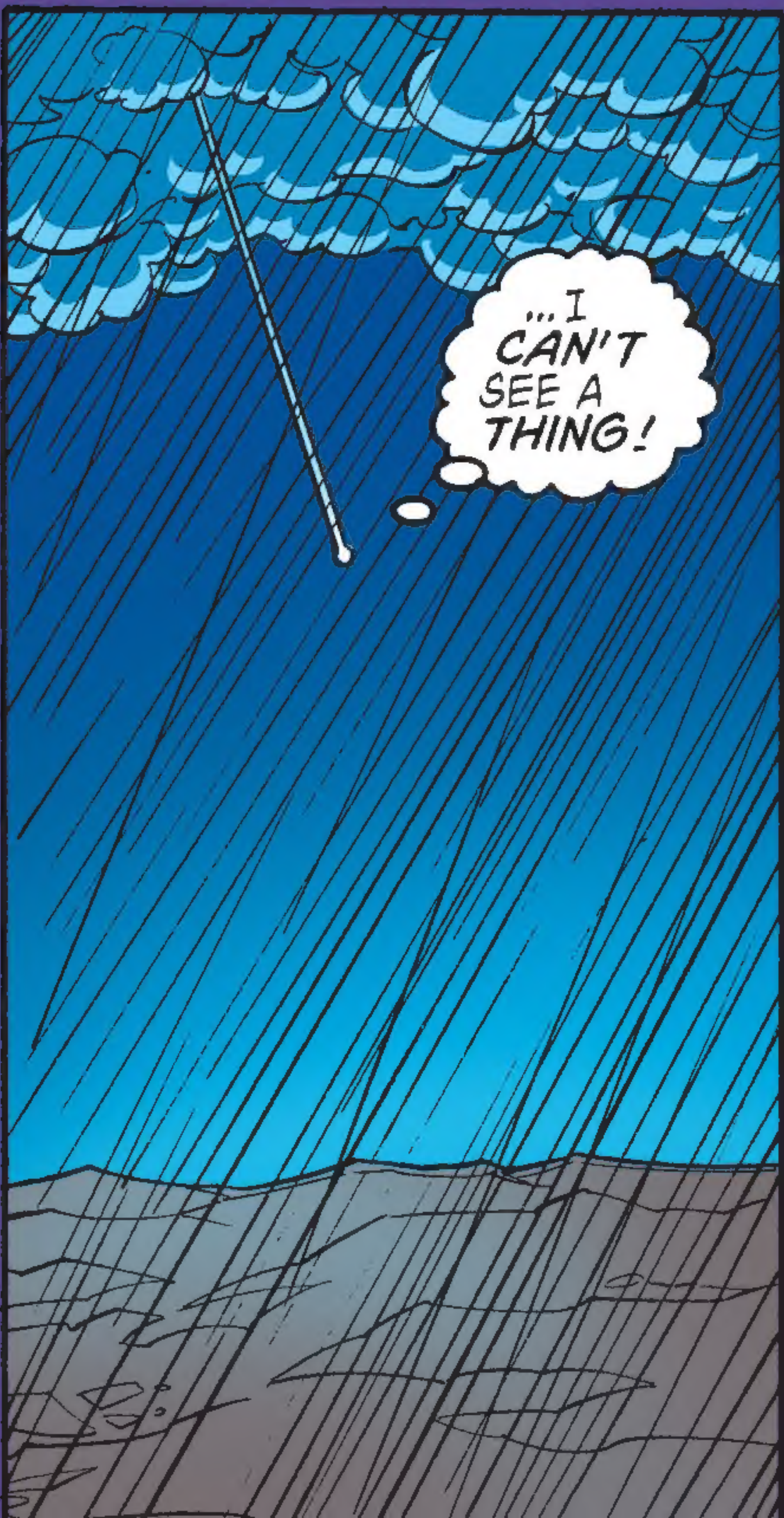




THE PARALYSIS
MUST BE WEARING OFF--
I'M SLOWLY BECOMING
ABLE TO MOVE
AGAIN!



MY BIO-POD'S
HEADED TOWARD THAT
PLANET DOWN THERE,
BUT THE CLOUDS ABOVE
IT ARE SO THICK...

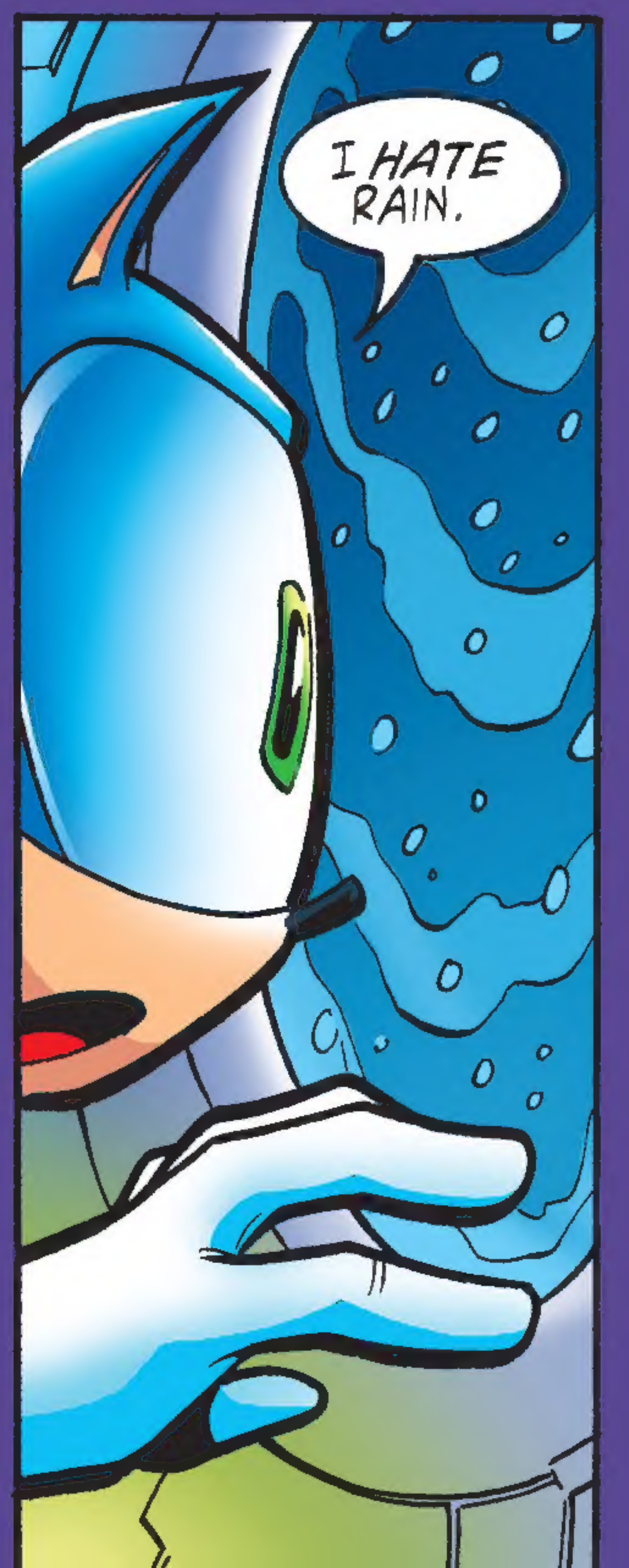


...I
CAN'T
SEE A
THING!



OH, GREAT.
RAIN

K-SPLUTCH



I HATE
RAIN.

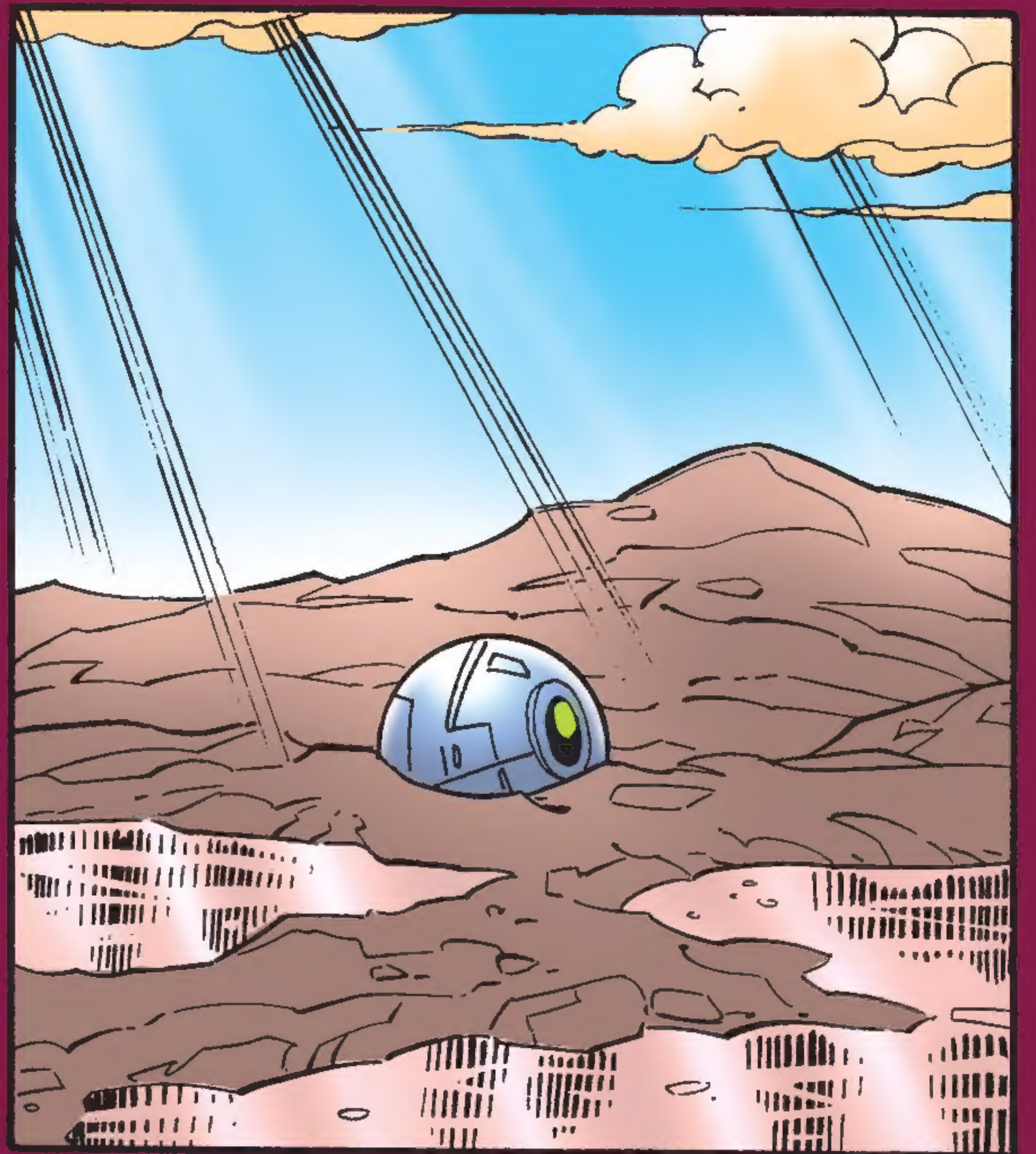
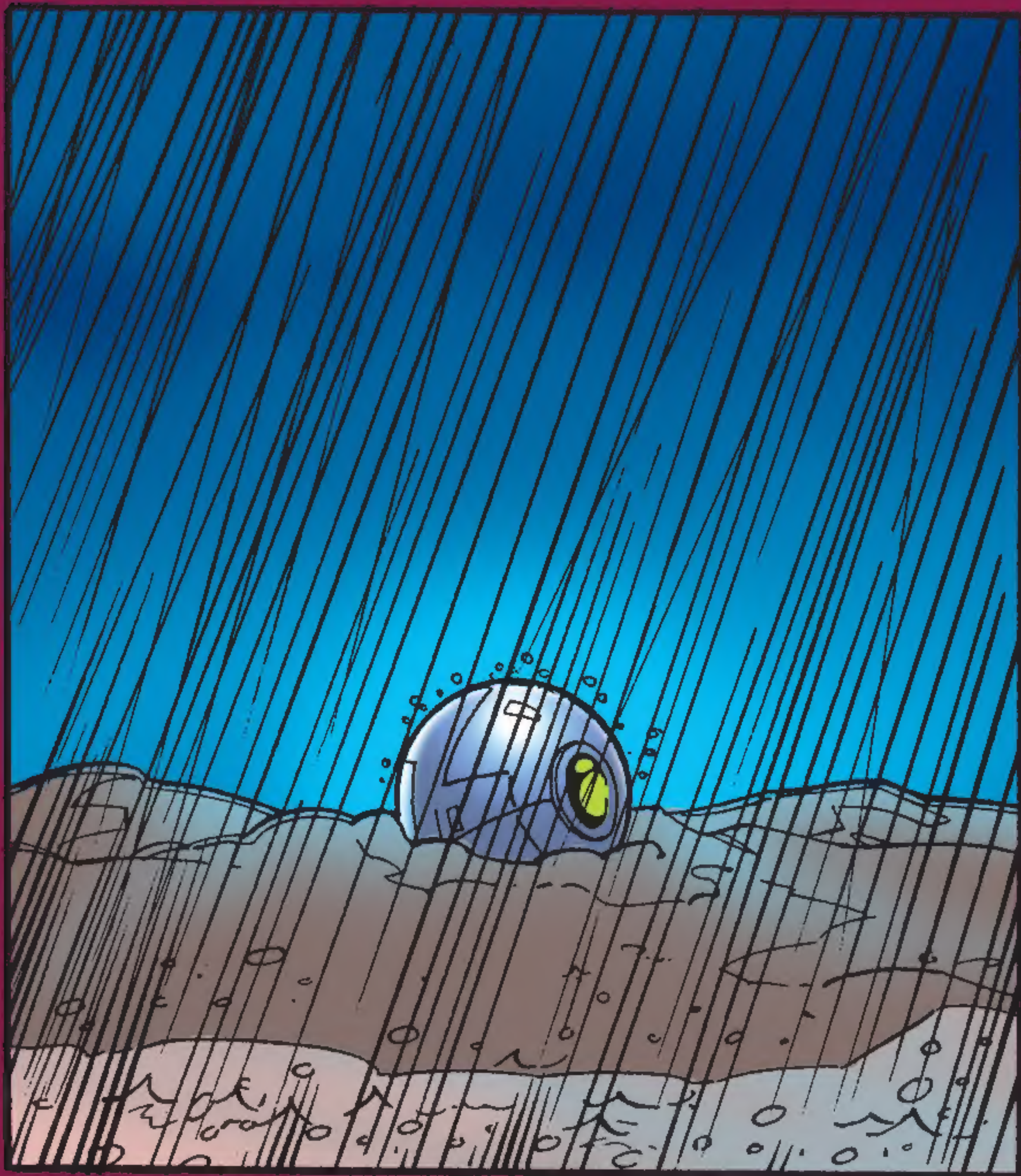
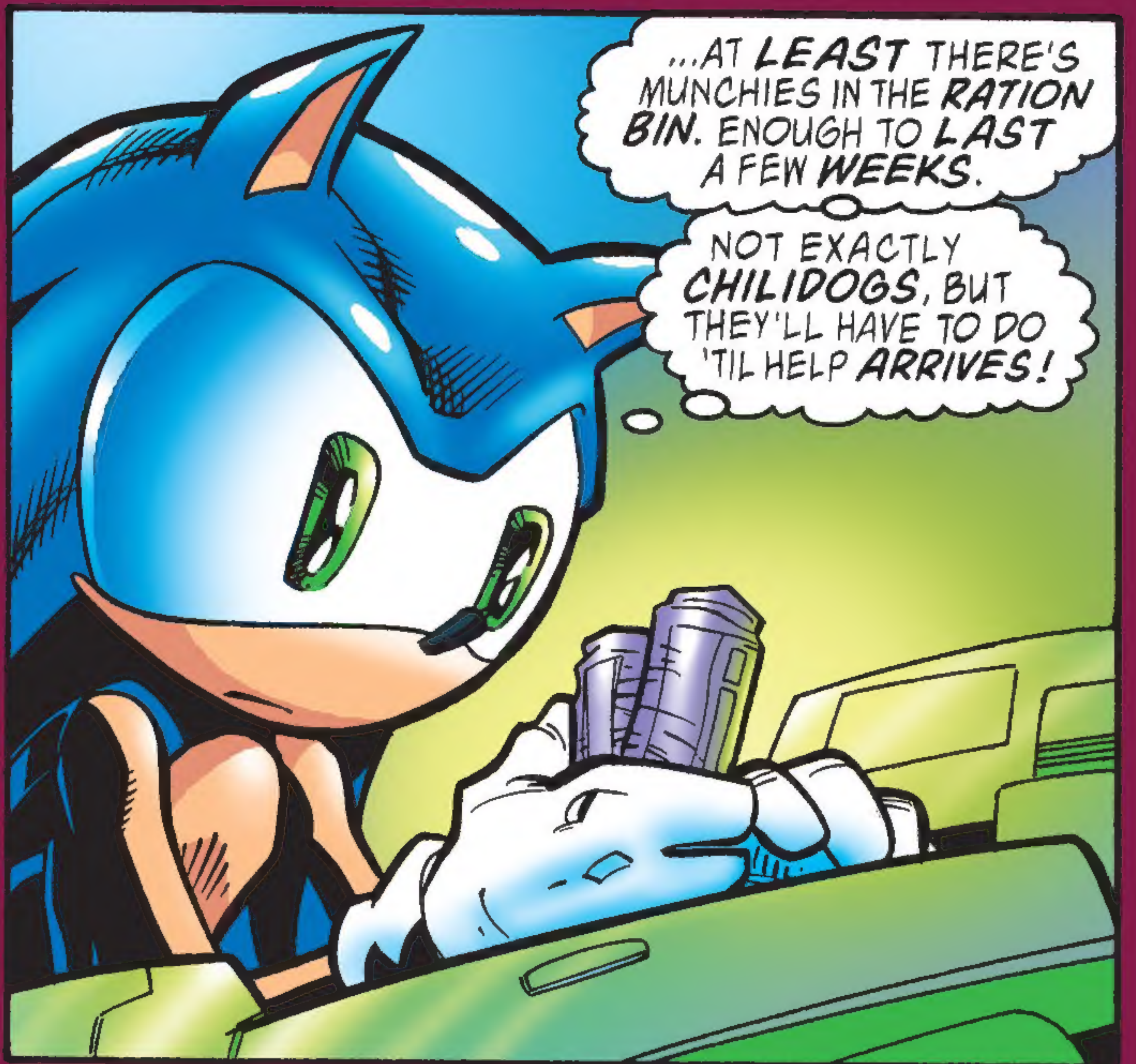
WARNING: DO NOT EXIT. EXTERIOR
ATMOSPHERE HIGHLY TOXIC.
INITIATING DISTRESS SIGNAL...

I THOUGHT THIS
THING WAS TAKING ME
SOMEPLACE BREATH-
ABLE. WELL...



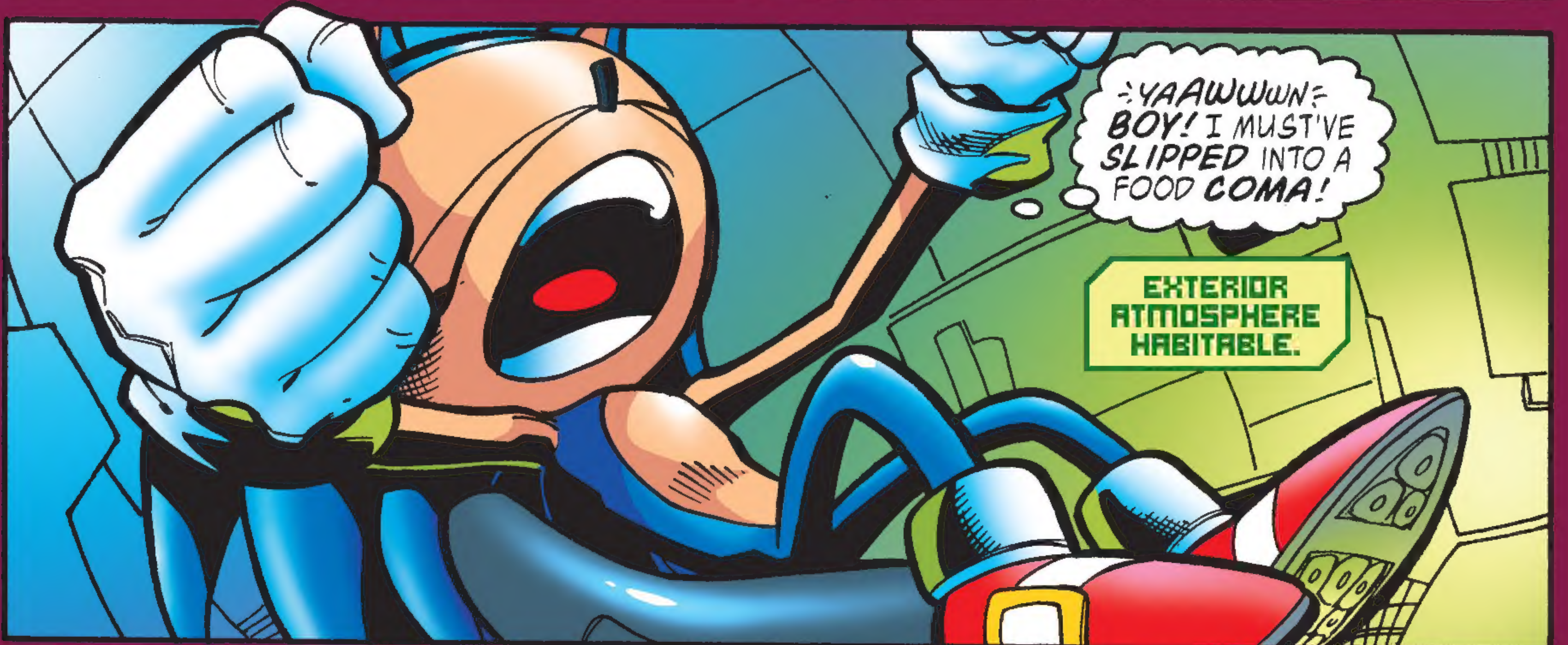
...AT LEAST THERE'S
MUNCHIES IN THE RATION
BIN. ENOUGH TO LAST
A FEW WEEKS.

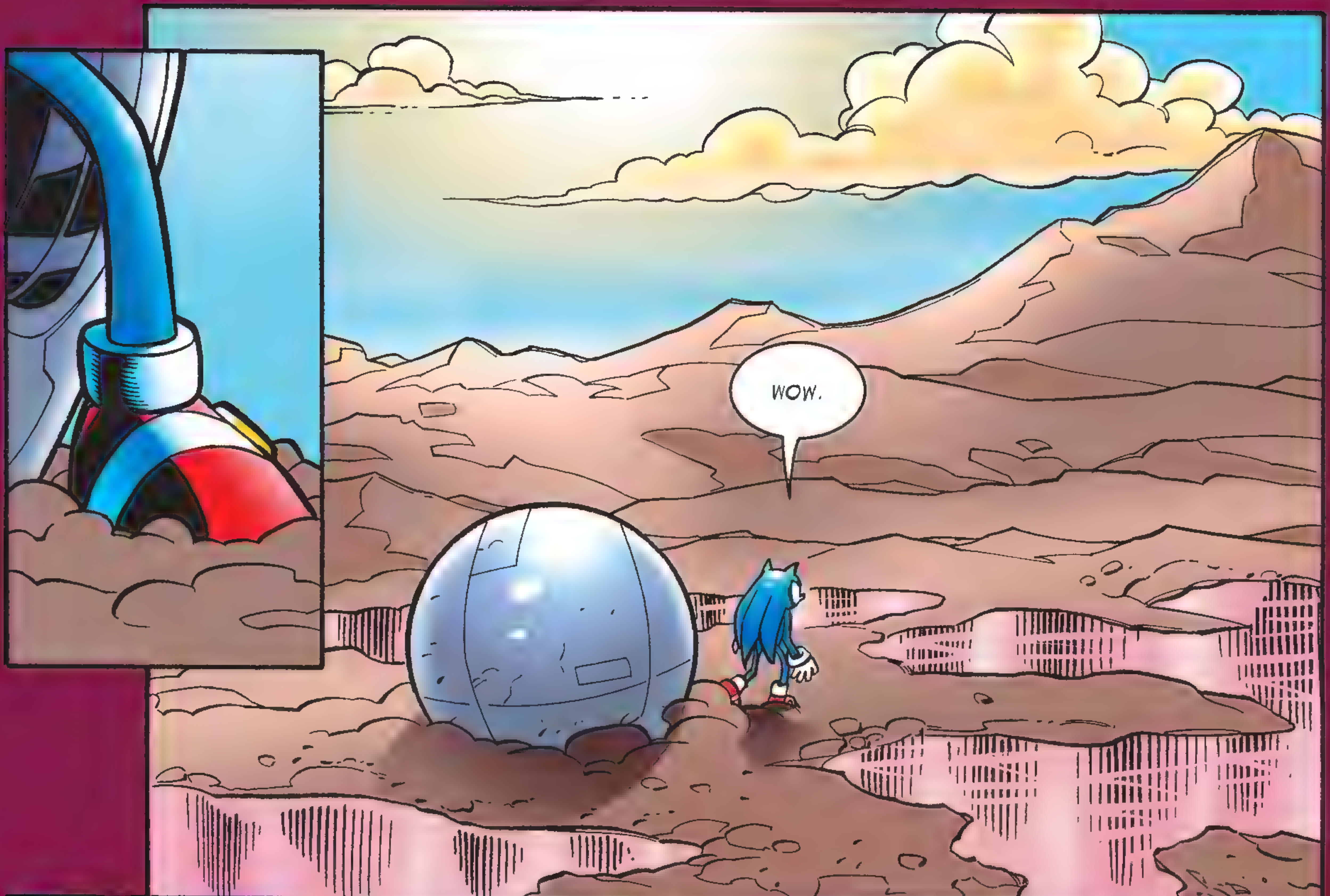
NOT EXACTLY
CHILIDOGS, BUT
THEY'LL HAVE TO DO
'TIL HELP ARRIVES!



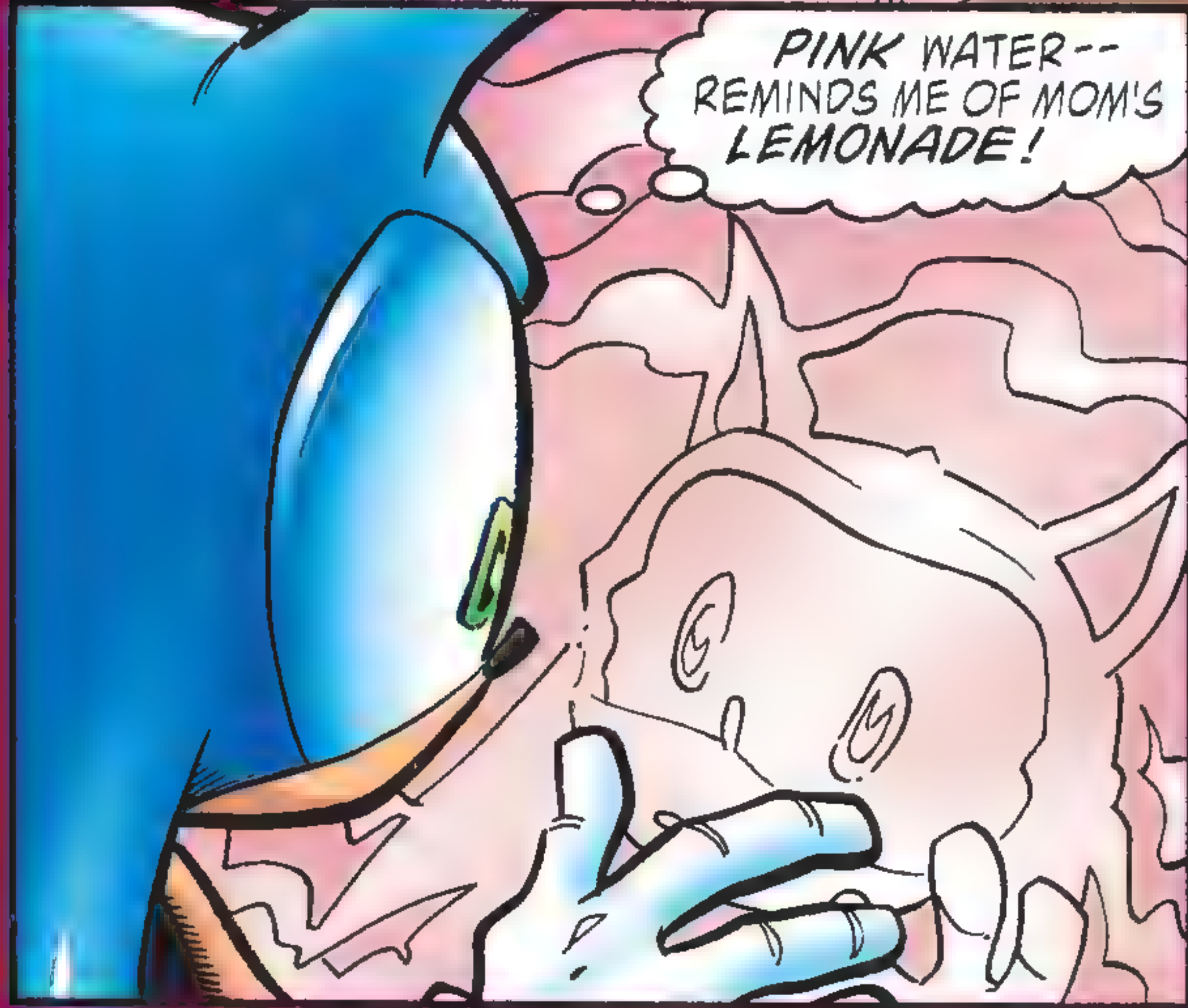
=YAAWWWN=
BOY! I MUST'VE
SLIPPED INTO A
FOOD COMA!

EXTERIOR
ATMOSPHERE
HABITABLE.

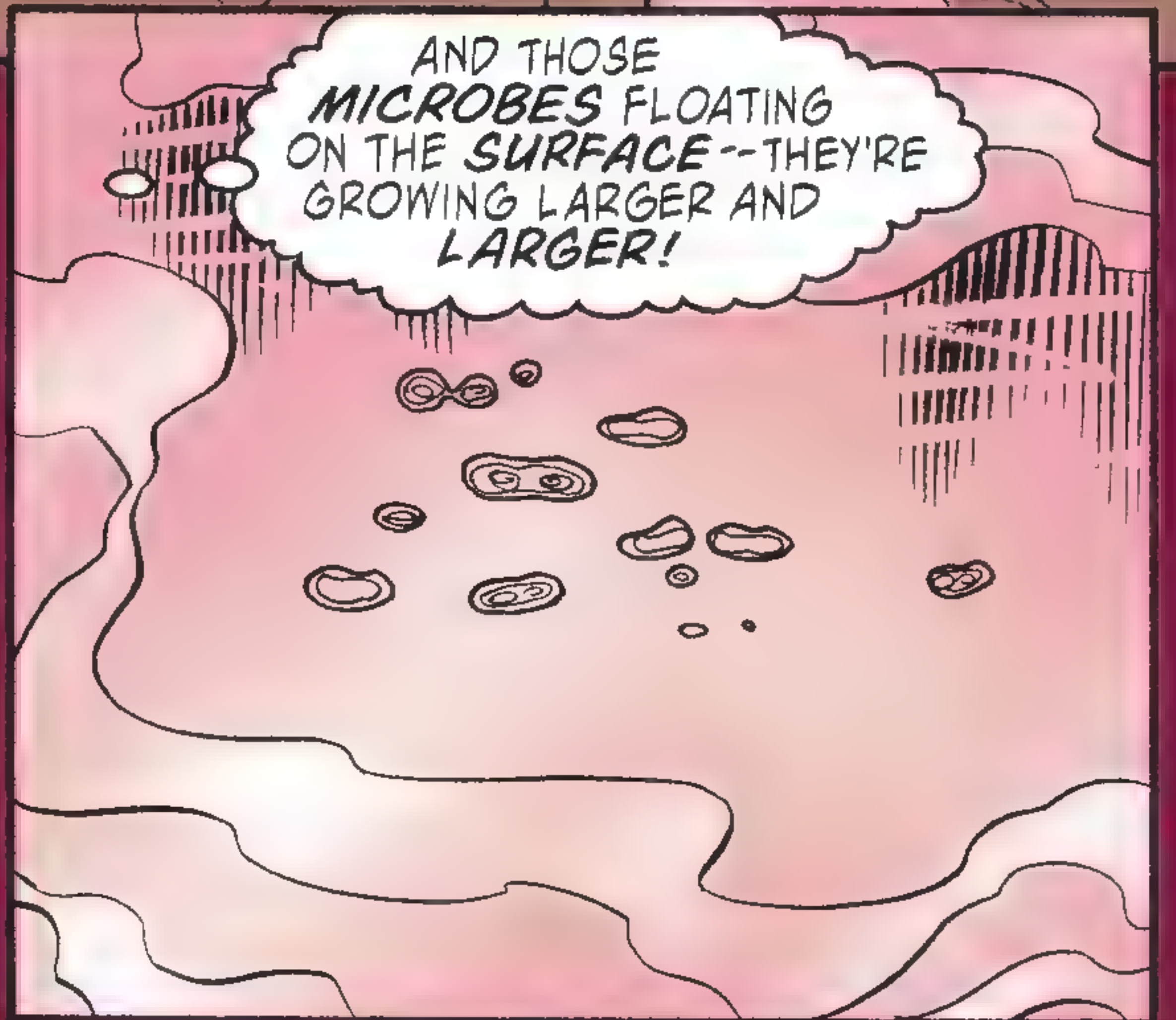




WOW.



PINK WATER--
REMINDS ME OF MOM'S
LEMONADE!

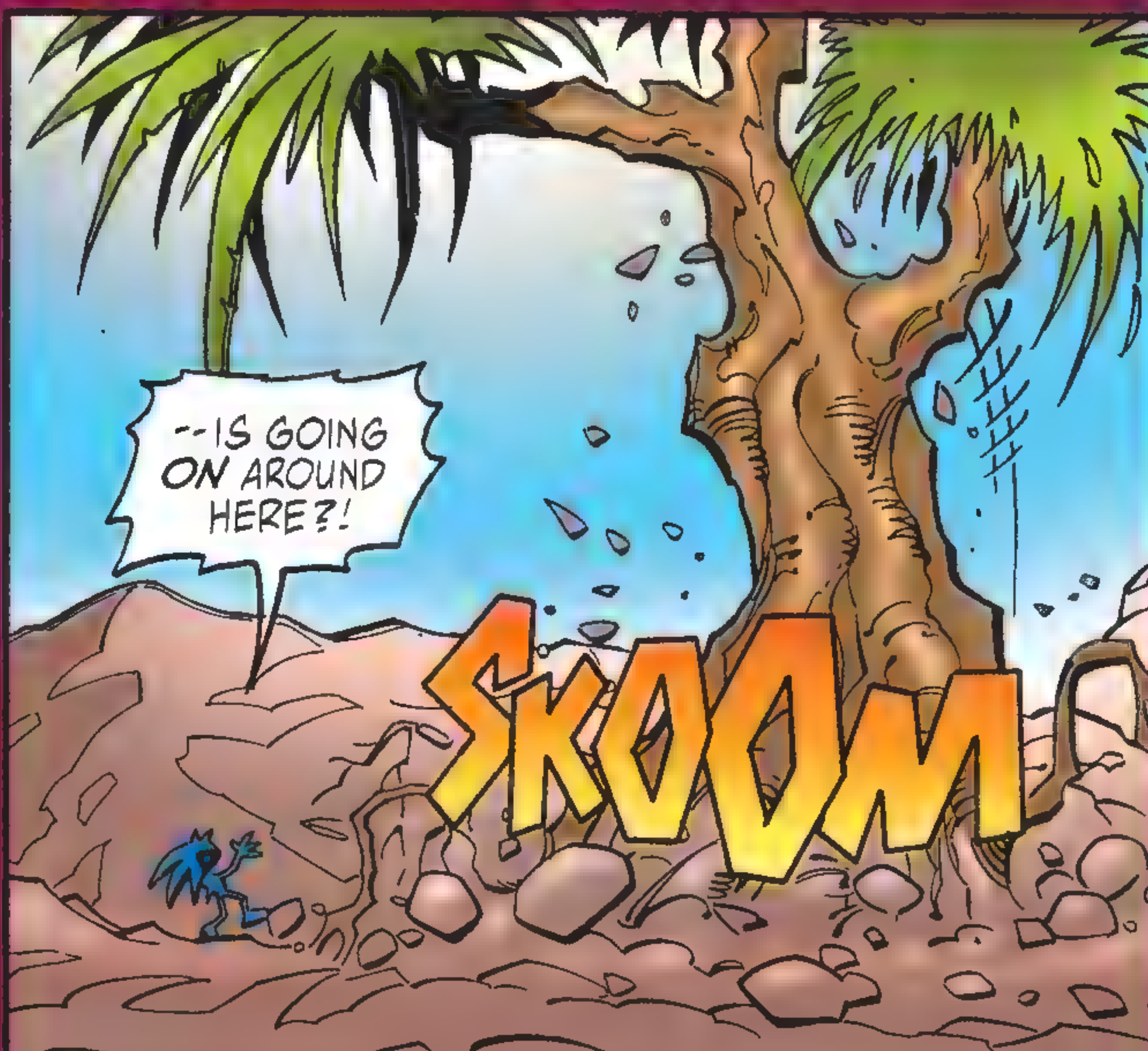


AND THOSE
MICROBES FLOATING
ON THE SURFACE--THEY'RE
GROWING LARGER AND
LARGER!



WHAT THE
HECK--

PLIPT



--IS GOING
ON AROUND
HERE?!

SKOOM



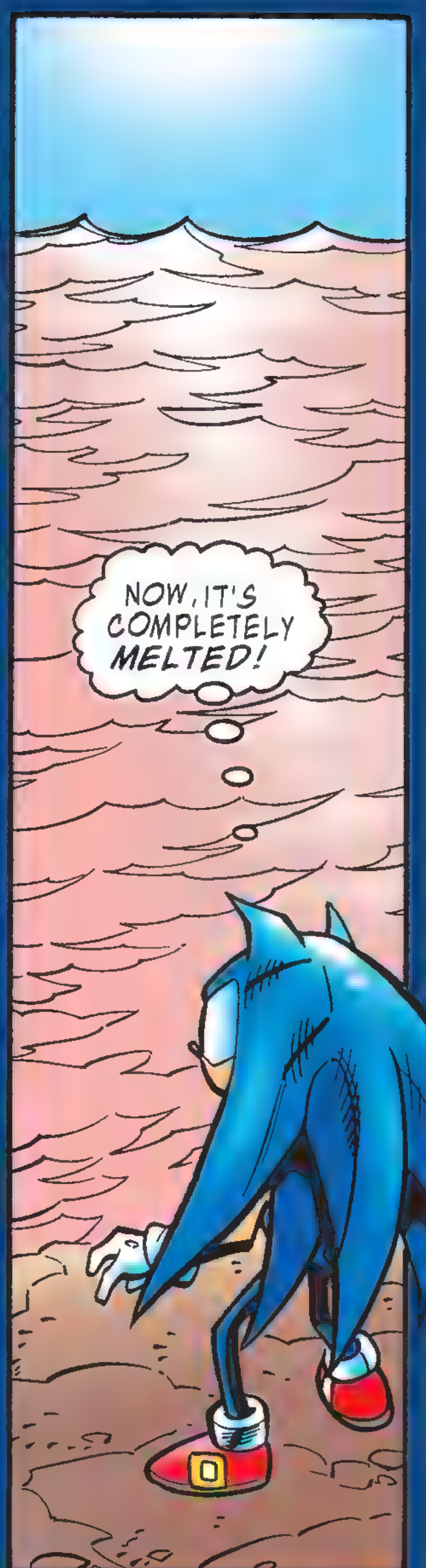
THAT PLANT JUST GREW INTO A TREE RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY EYES, AND NOW ITS LEAVES ARE FALLING OFF GOING FROM AUTUMN...



...TO WINTER, IN ONLY A MATTER OF SECONDS!



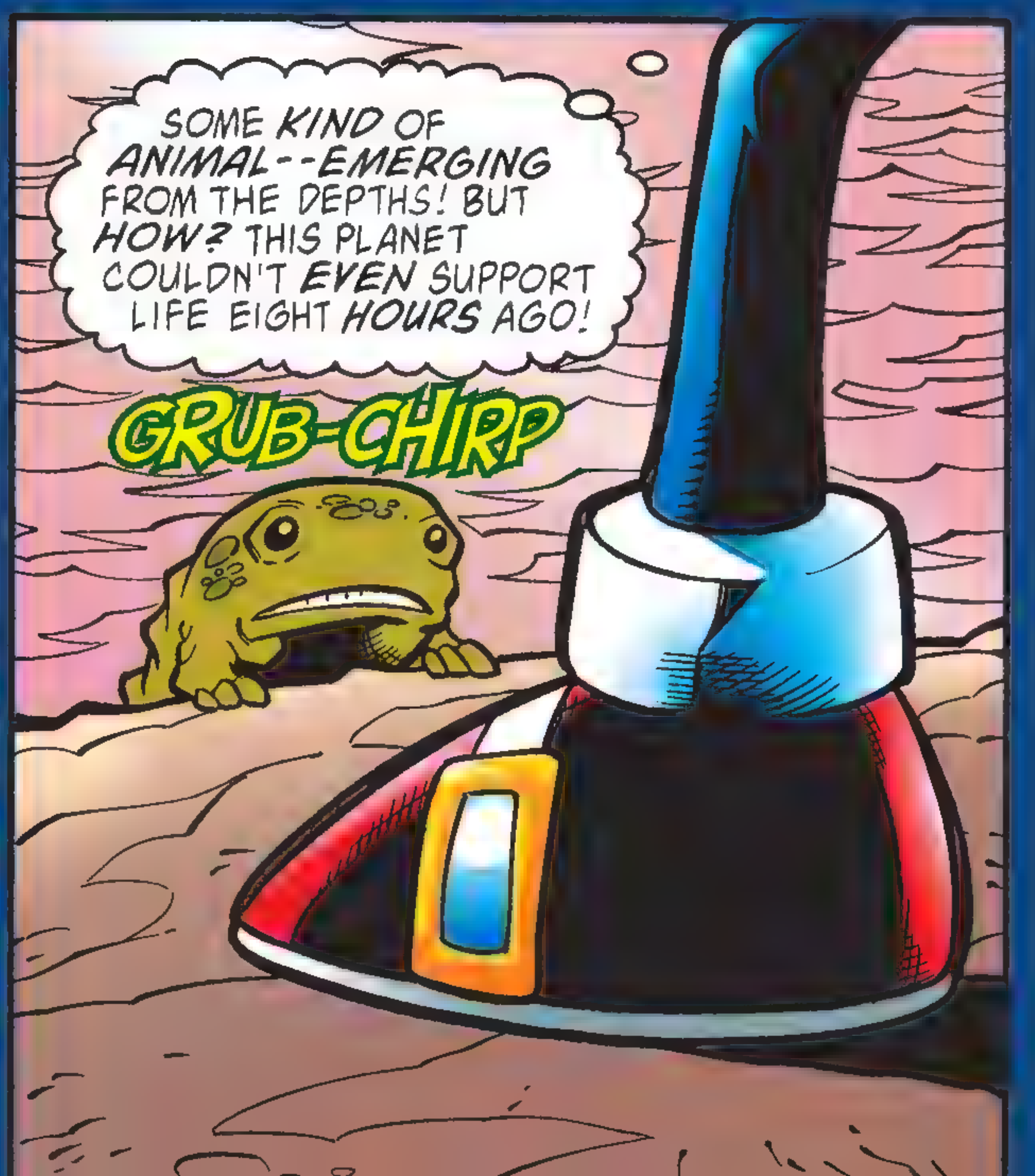
THE LEMONADE SEA -- ITS TOTALLY FROZEN OVER



NOW, IT'S COMPLETELY MELTED!

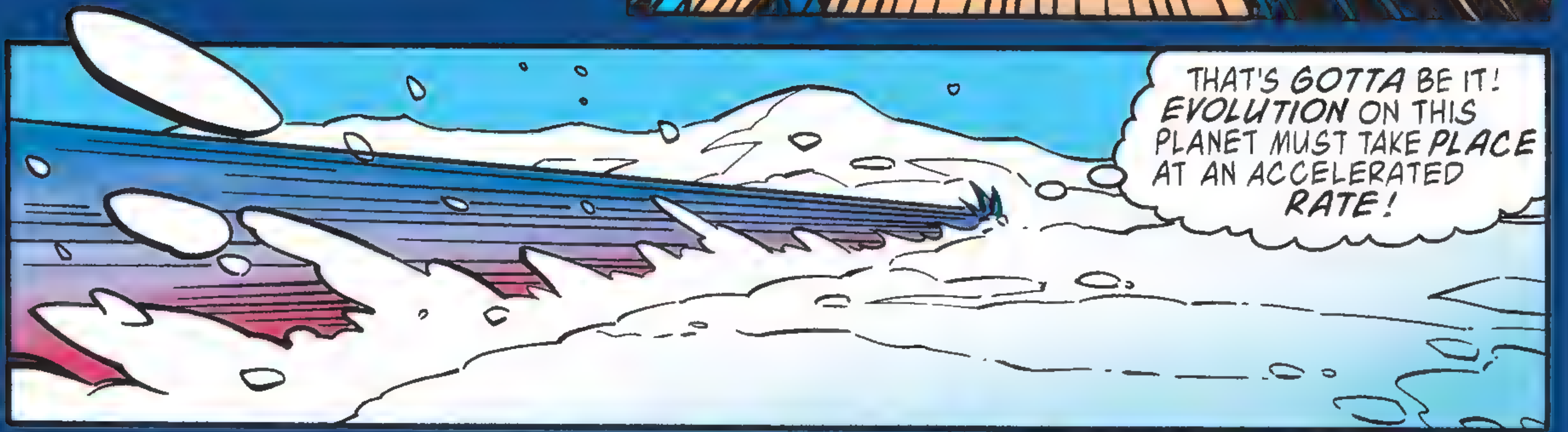
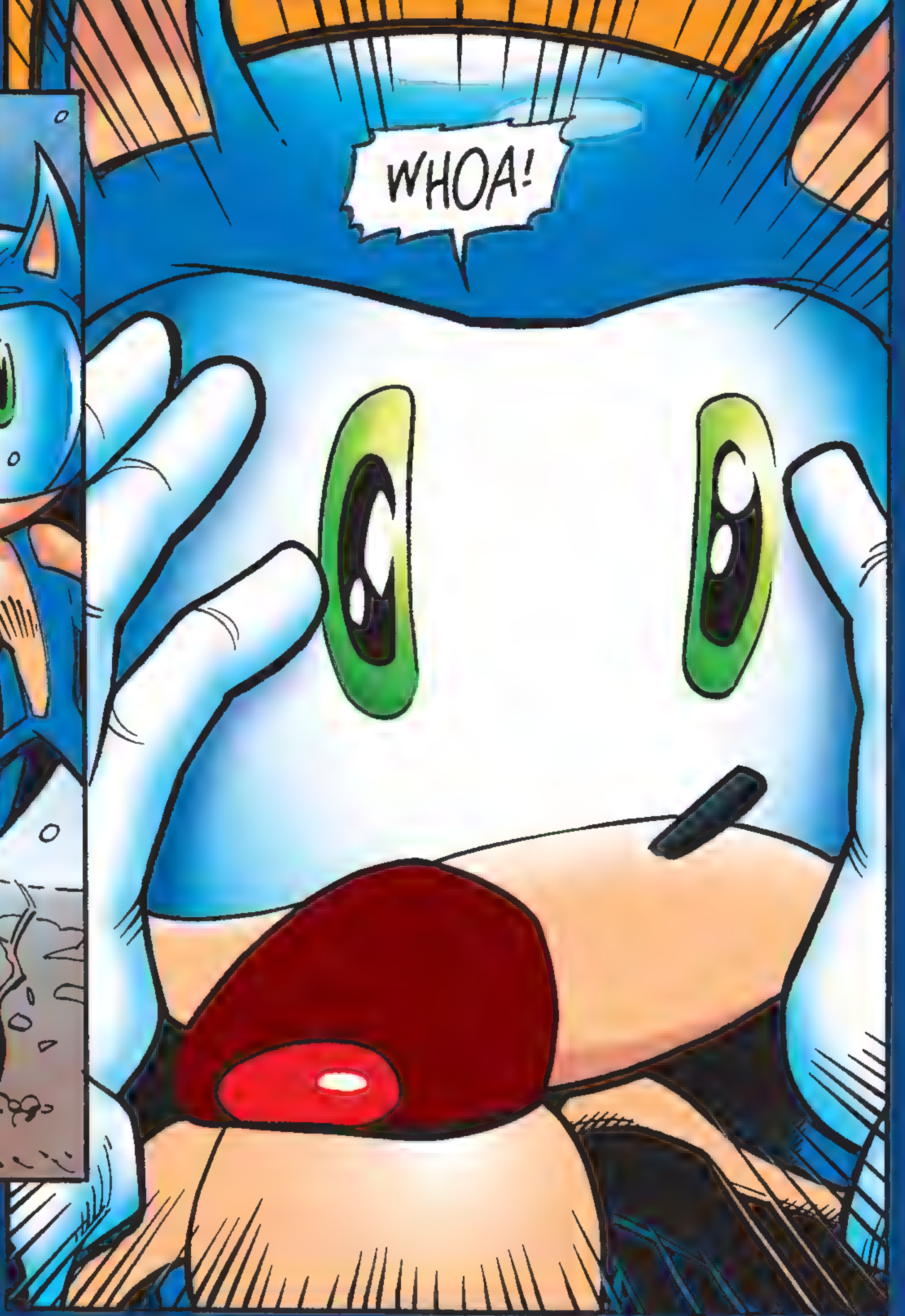
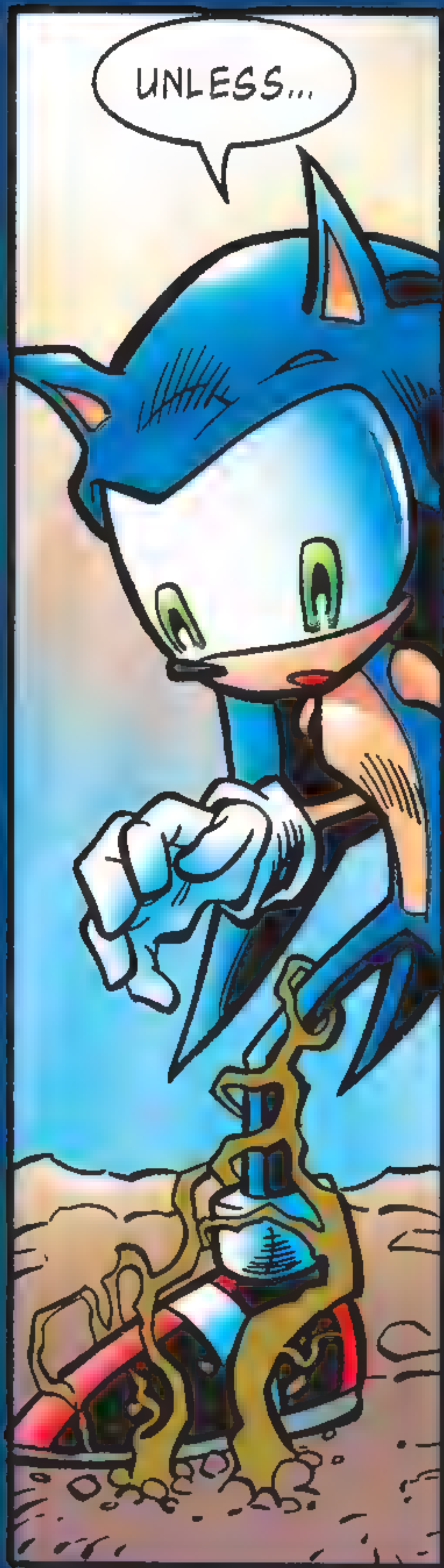


GRUB-CHIRP
GRUB-CHIRP



SOME KIND OF ANIMAL -- EMERGING FROM THE DEPTHS! BUT HOW? THIS PLANET COULDN'T EVEN SUPPORT LIFE EIGHT HOURS AGO!

GRUB-CHIRP



AN HOUR LATER...

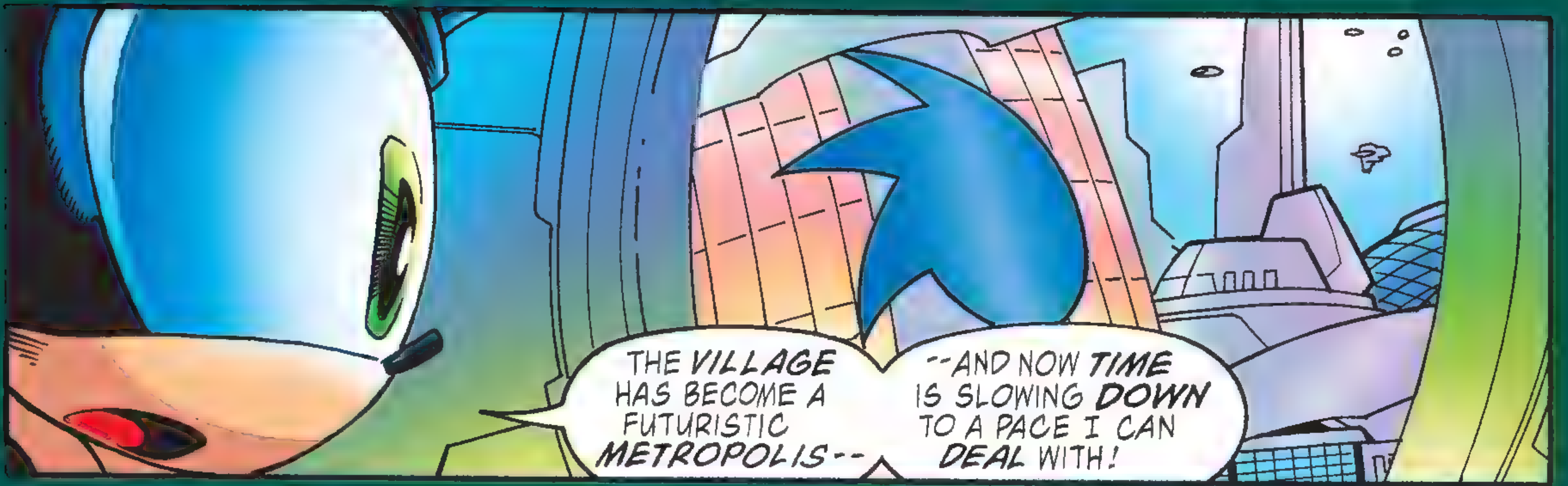
...CAN'T BAIT A HOOK LIKE THAT TAILS. I'M TELLING Y-HUH? WHUH?

THINGS HAVE *ADVANCED* TO THE POINT WHERE THIS PLANET'S *LIFE FORMS* ARE DWELLING IN *PRIMITIVE HUTS!* IT'S--

--BLOWING--

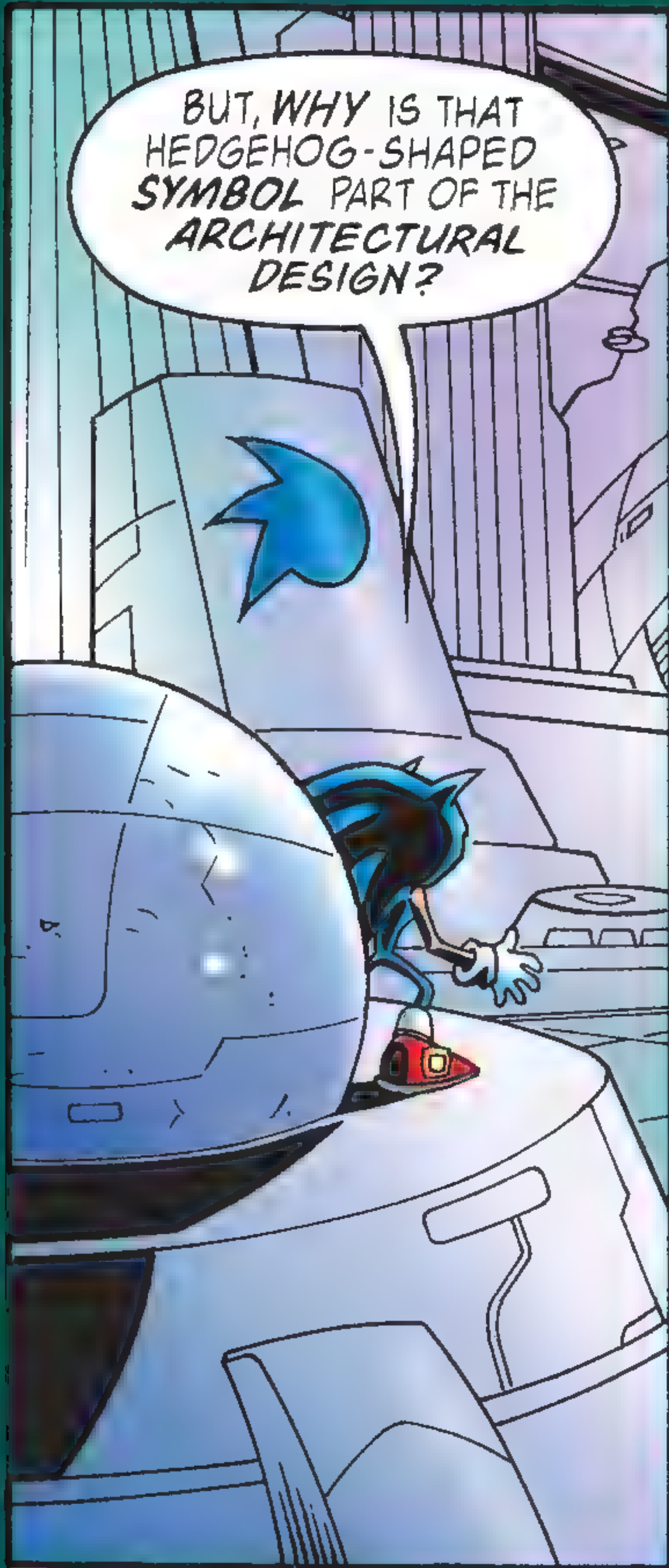
--MY--

--MIND!



THE VILLAGE HAS BECOME A FUTURISTIC METROPOLIS--

--AND NOW TIME IS SLOWING DOWN TO A PACE I CAN DEAL WITH!



BUT, WHY IS THAT HEDGEHOG-SHAPED SYMBOL PART OF THE ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN?



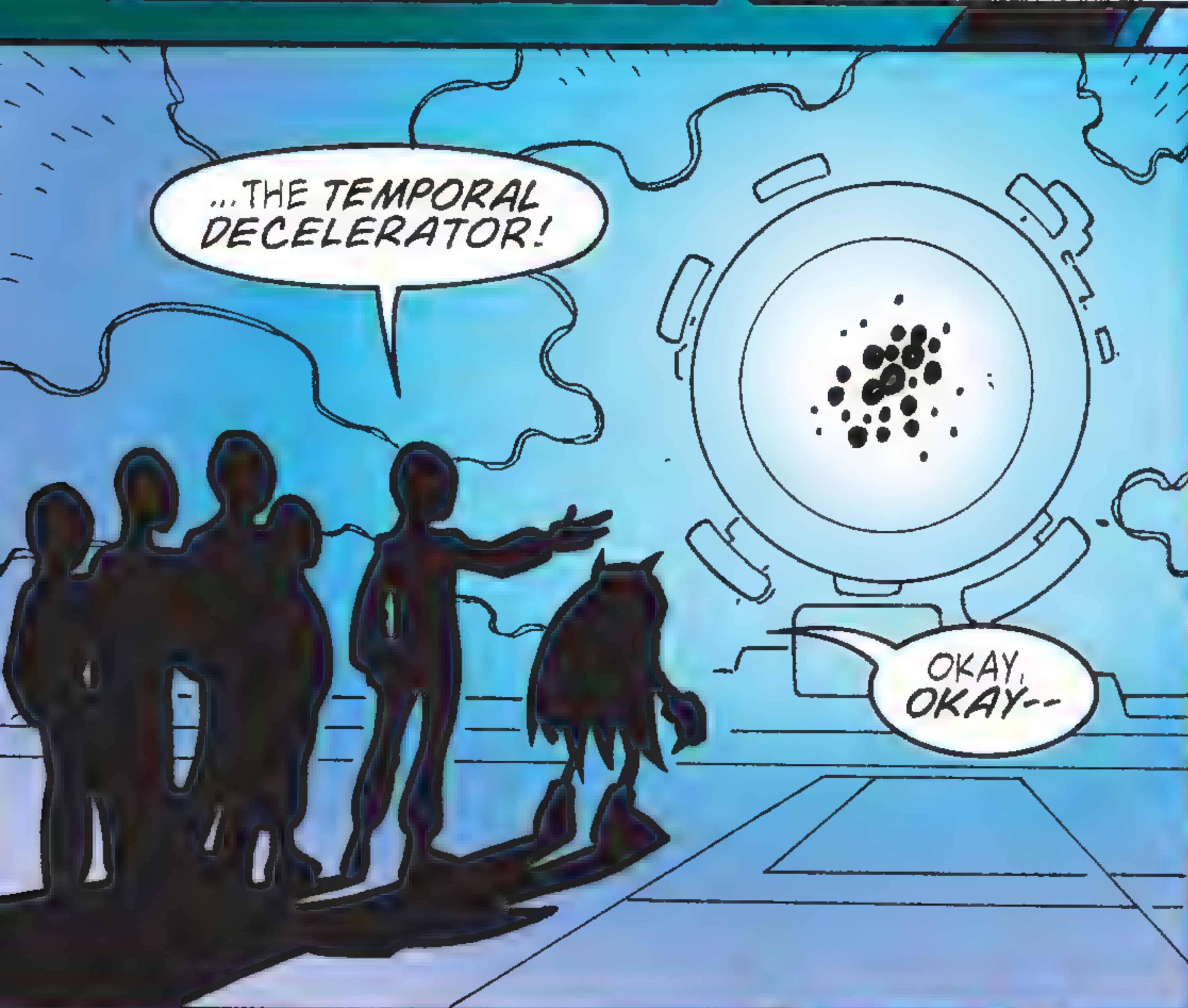
GREETINGS WONDROUS BLUE-SPINED IMMORTAL...

THESE ALIEN DUDES MUST BE THE CITY'S INHABITANTS--AND I CAN UNDERSTAND THEIR LANGUAGE BECAUSE OF THE D'NOBULAN "BABBLE-NODE" IMPLANT!



...WE ARE THE AZURITES, THIS PLANET'S DOMINANT SPECIES! I AM PROFESSOR PARG, AND THESE ARE MY SCIENTIFIC COLLEAGUES...

...WHO ALONG WITH MYSELF, HAVE CREATED A DEVICE TO SLOW THE MOTION OF TIME ON THIS WORLD...

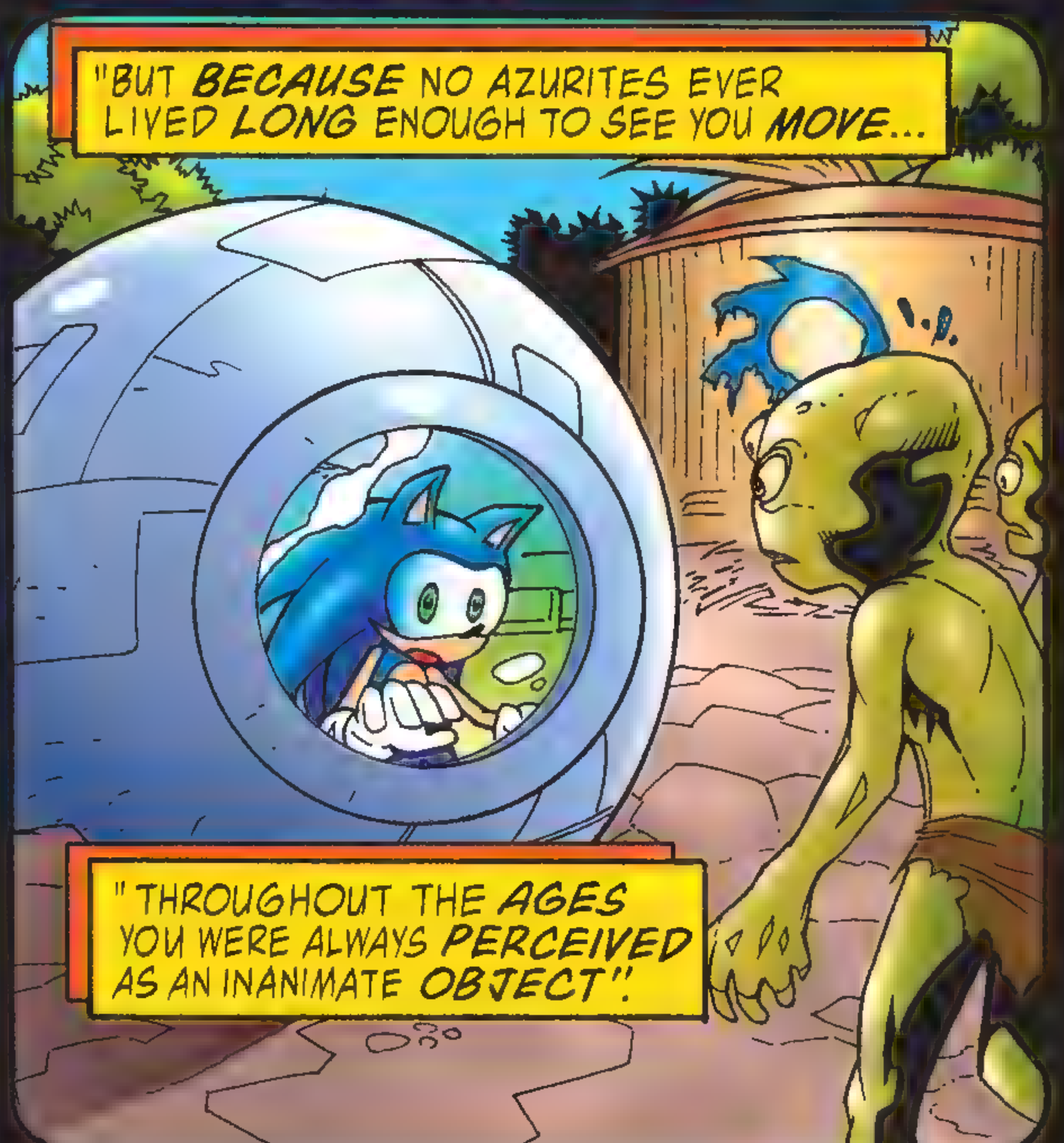
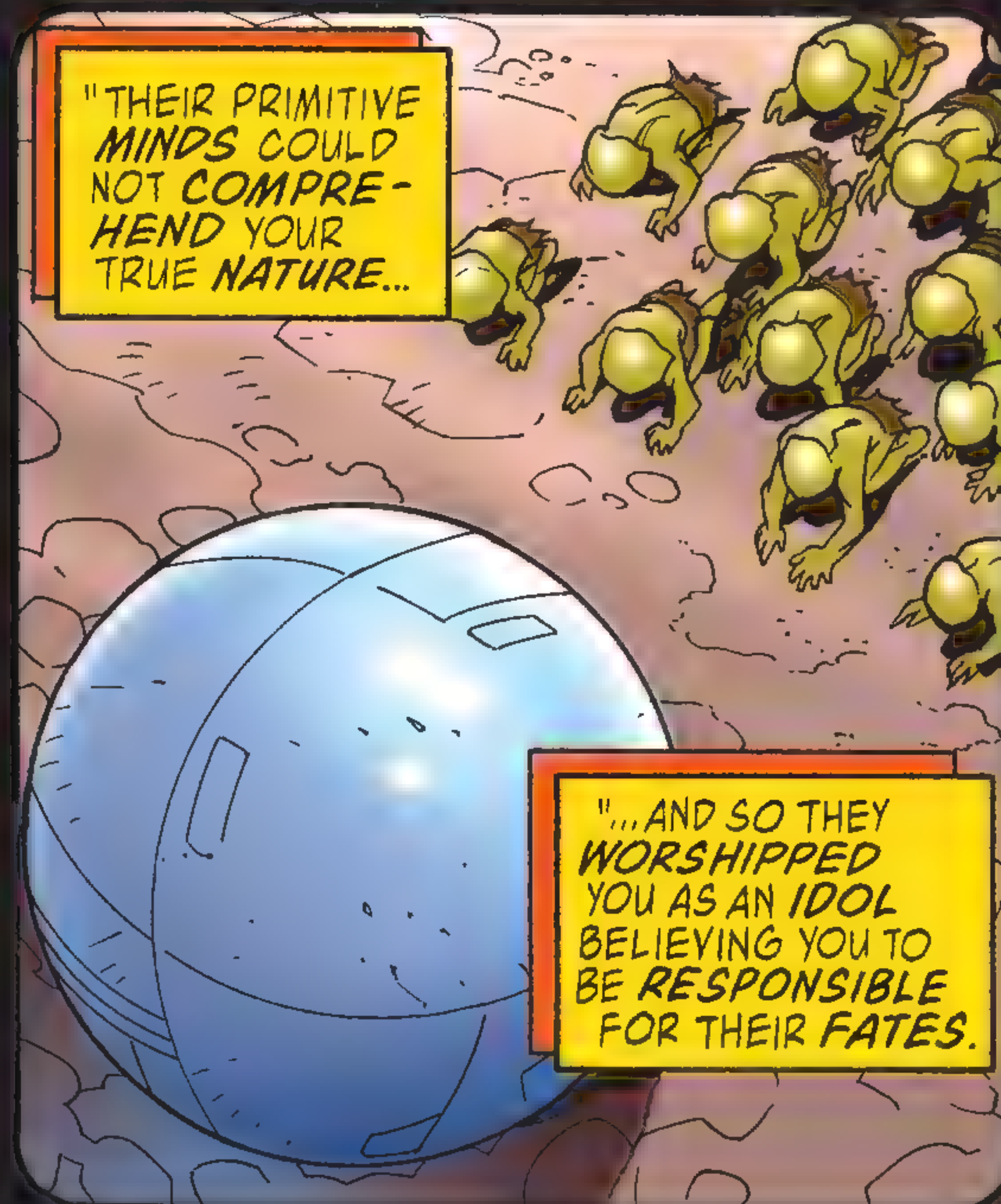
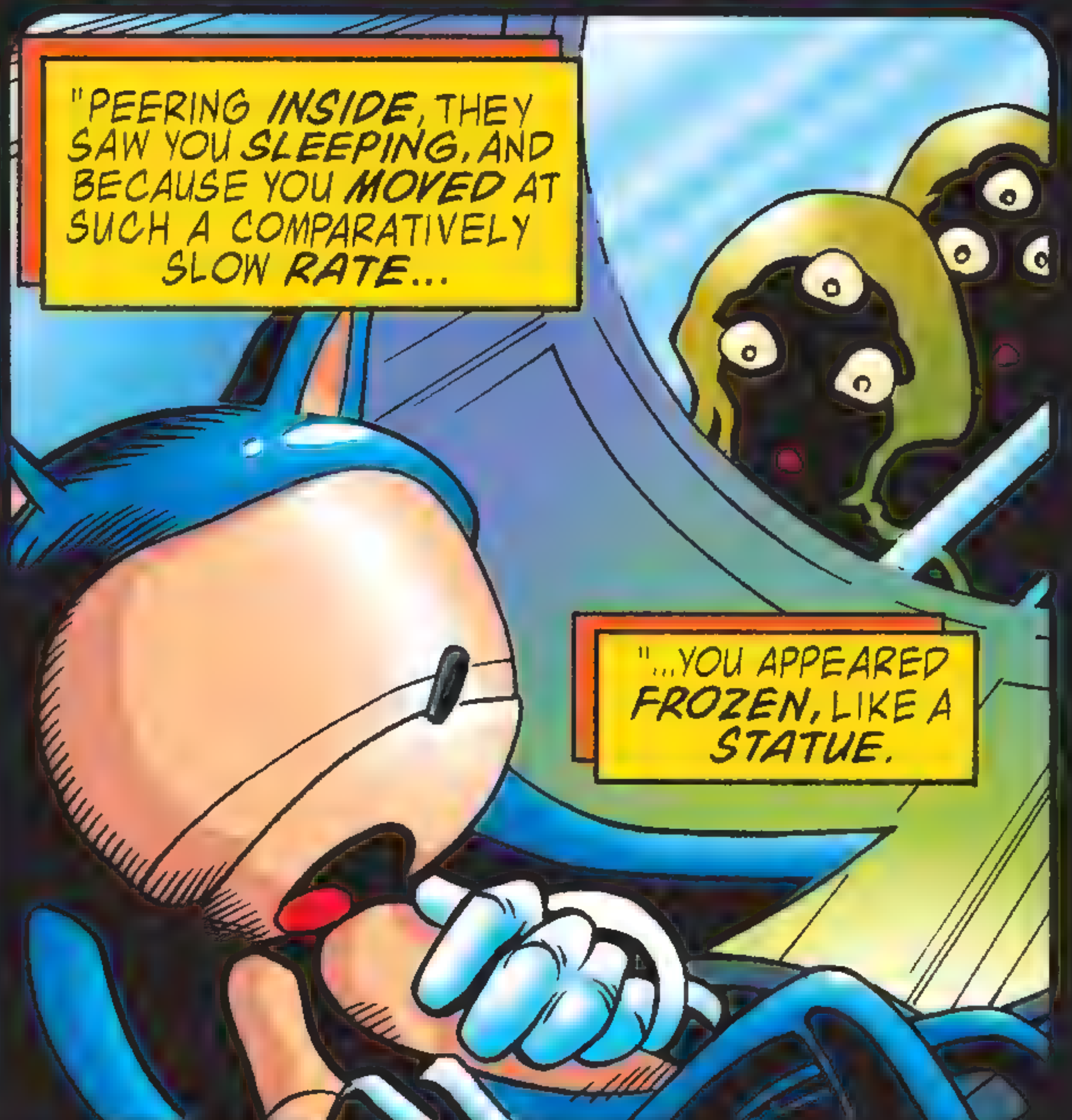
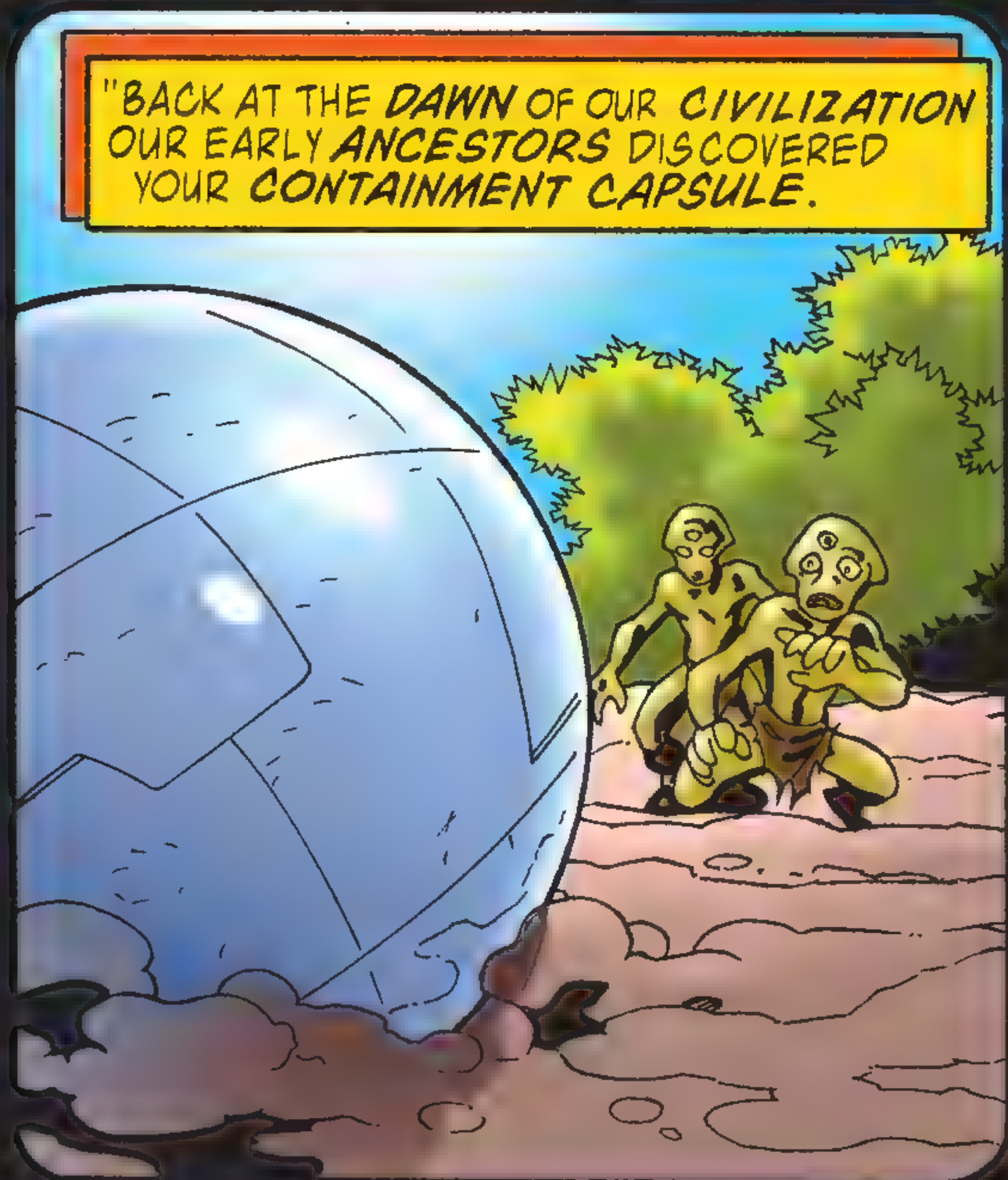


...THE TEMPORAL DECELERATOR!

OKAY, OKAY--



--TIME OUT! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I FEEL AS IF SOMEONE IS GOING TOO FAST FOR ME!

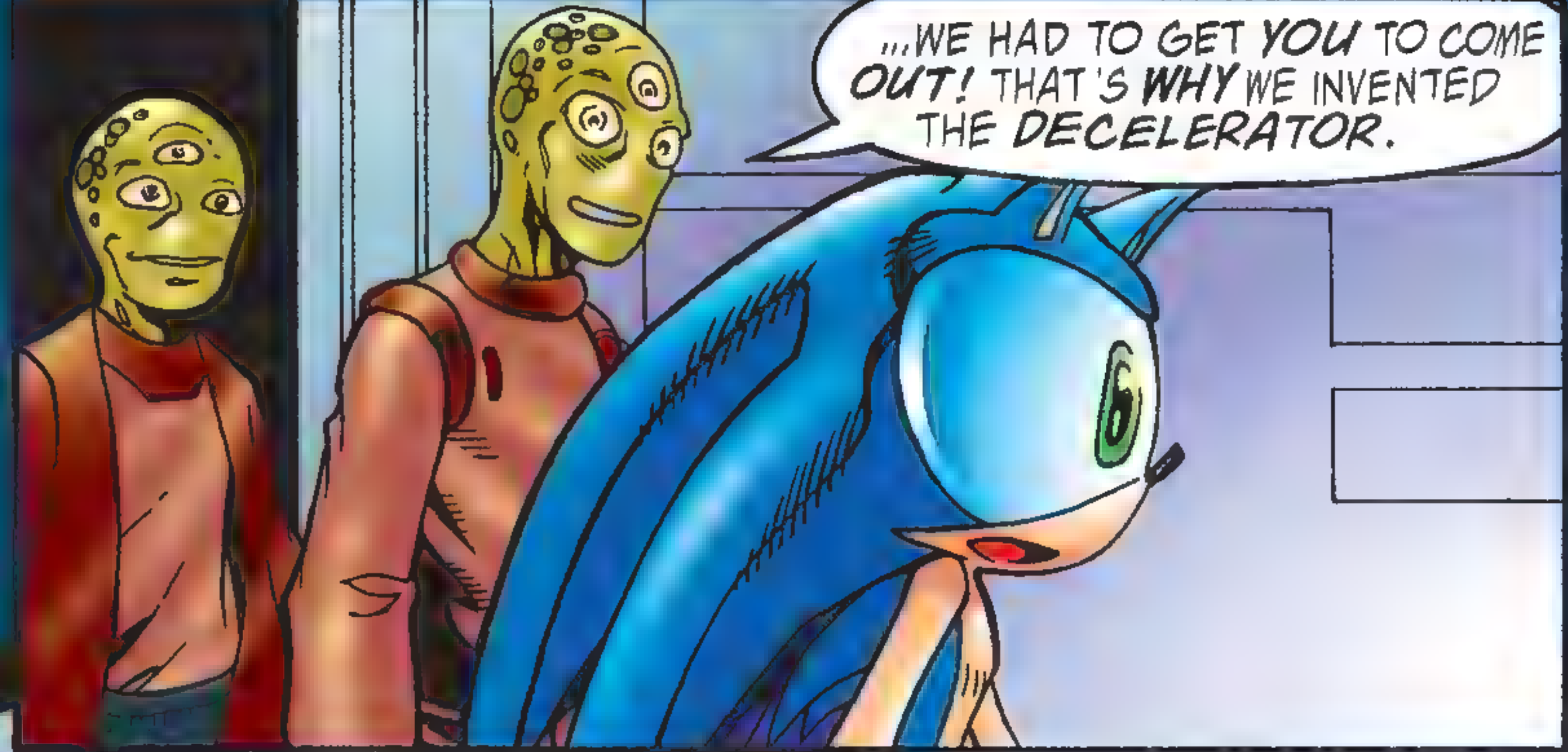


AS WE PROGRESSED INTO THE MODERN AGE, TECHNOLOGICAL SCANS OF YOUR CONTAINMENT CAPSULE REVEALED THAT YOU WERE A LIVING GOD.



MANY OF OUR RACE WERE OPPOSED TO THE BELIEF, AND GREAT WARS WERE WAGED TO ADHERE TO THE OLD WAY OF THINKING.

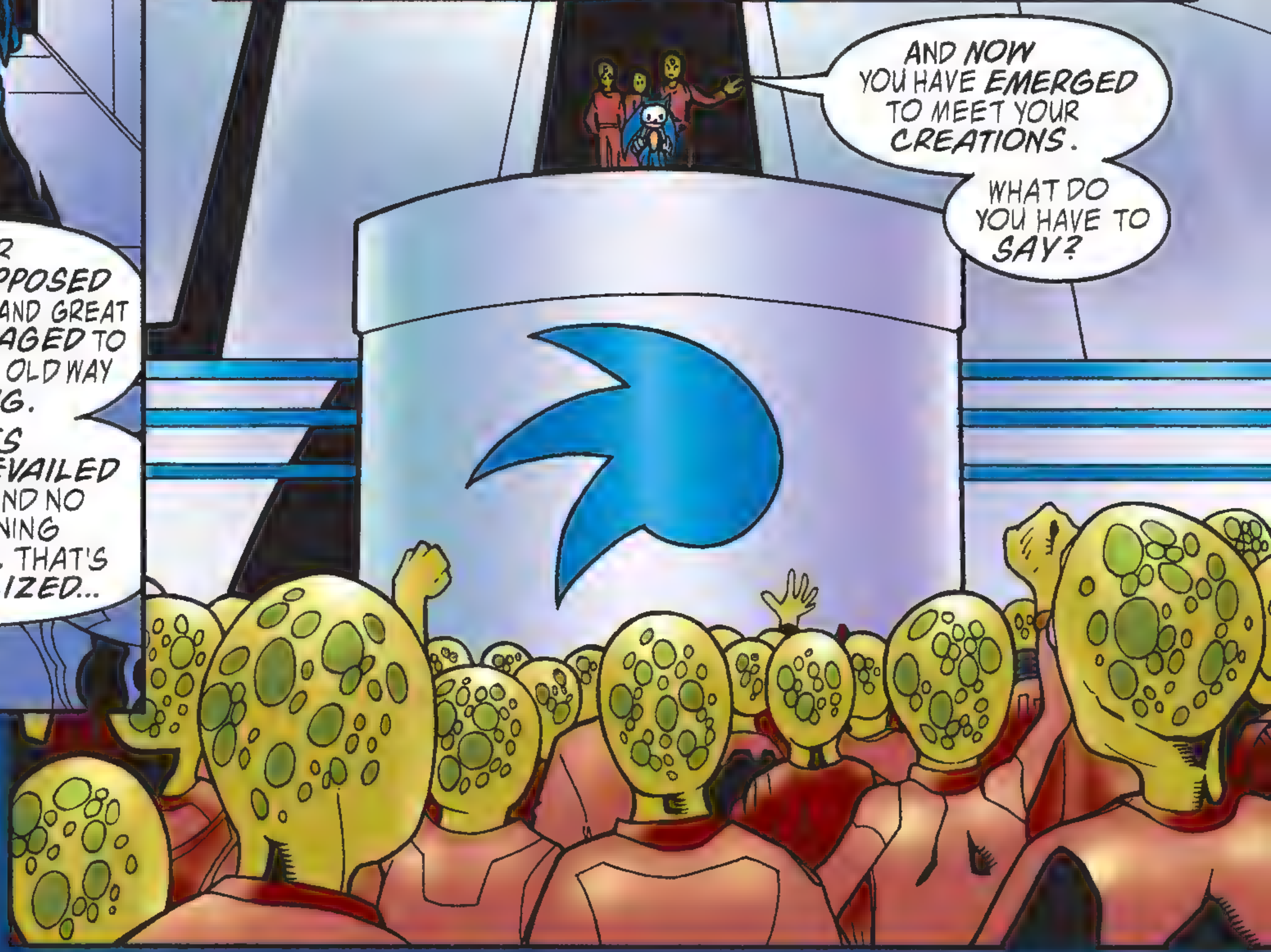
THE FACTS EVENTUALLY PREVAILED BUT WE COULD FIND NO MEANS OF OPENING YOUR CAPSULE. THAT'S WHEN WE REALIZED...



...WE HAD TO GET YOU TO COME OUT! THAT'S WHY WE INVENTED THE DECELERATOR.

AND NOW YOU HAVE EMERGED TO MEET YOUR CREATIONS.

WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY?



WELL, UHH... FIRST THING IS... I'M NOT A GOD, AND I DIDN'T CREATE YOU, EITHER. I GOT SPACE-WRECKED HERE A LONG, LONG TIME AGO... AND BECAUSE OF THE DIFFERENCES IN OUR EVOLUTIONARY RATE, YOU DUDES MISTOOK ME FOR SOMETHING THAT I'M NOT.



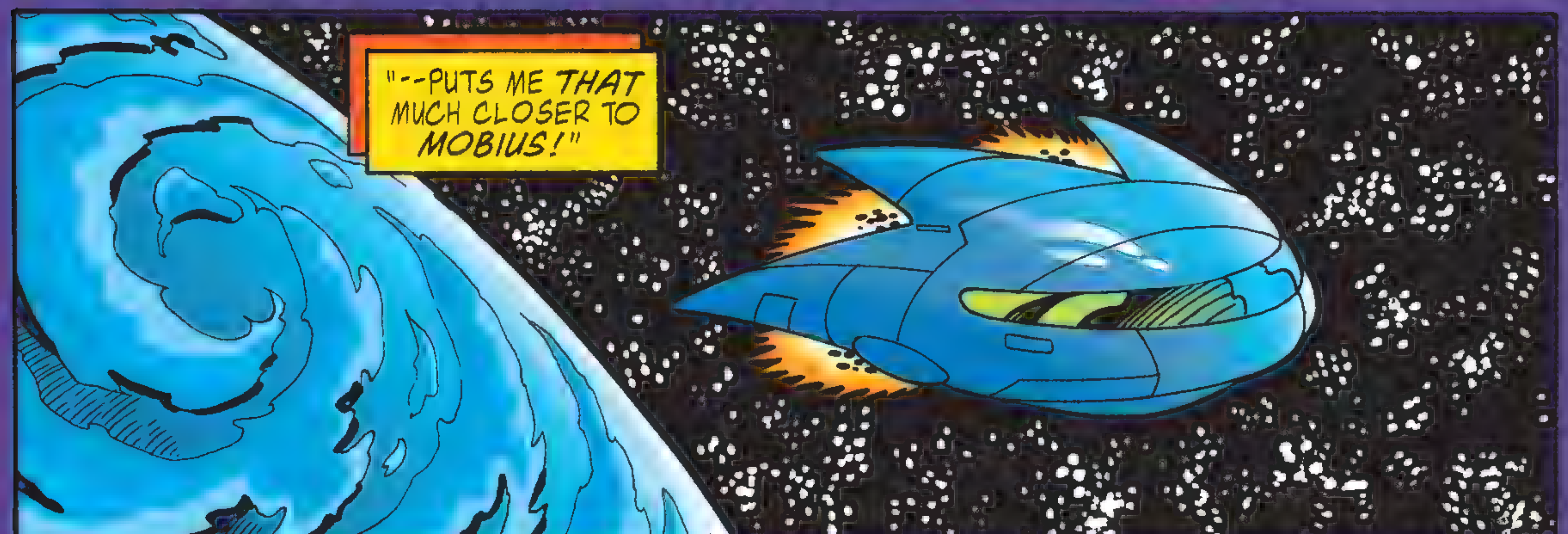
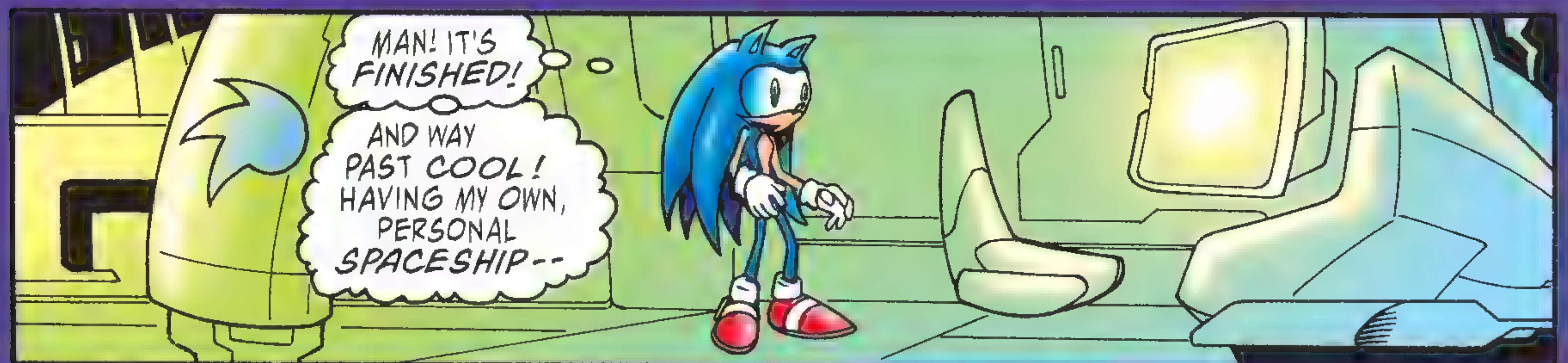
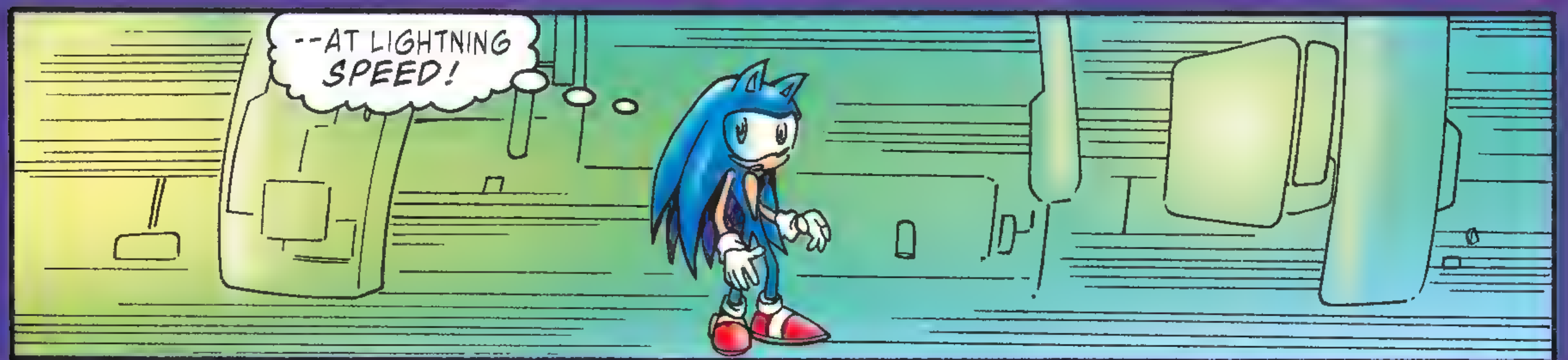
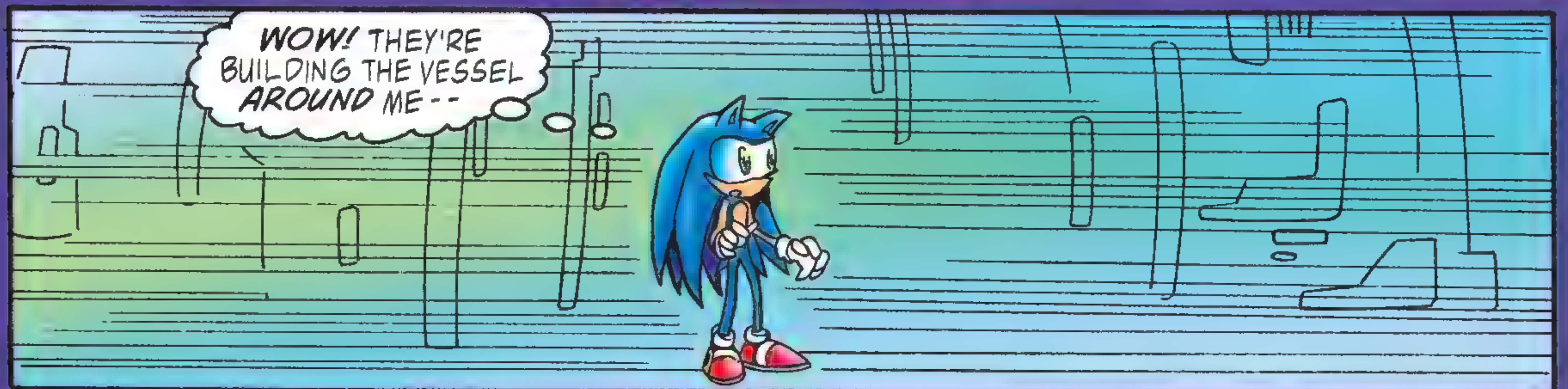
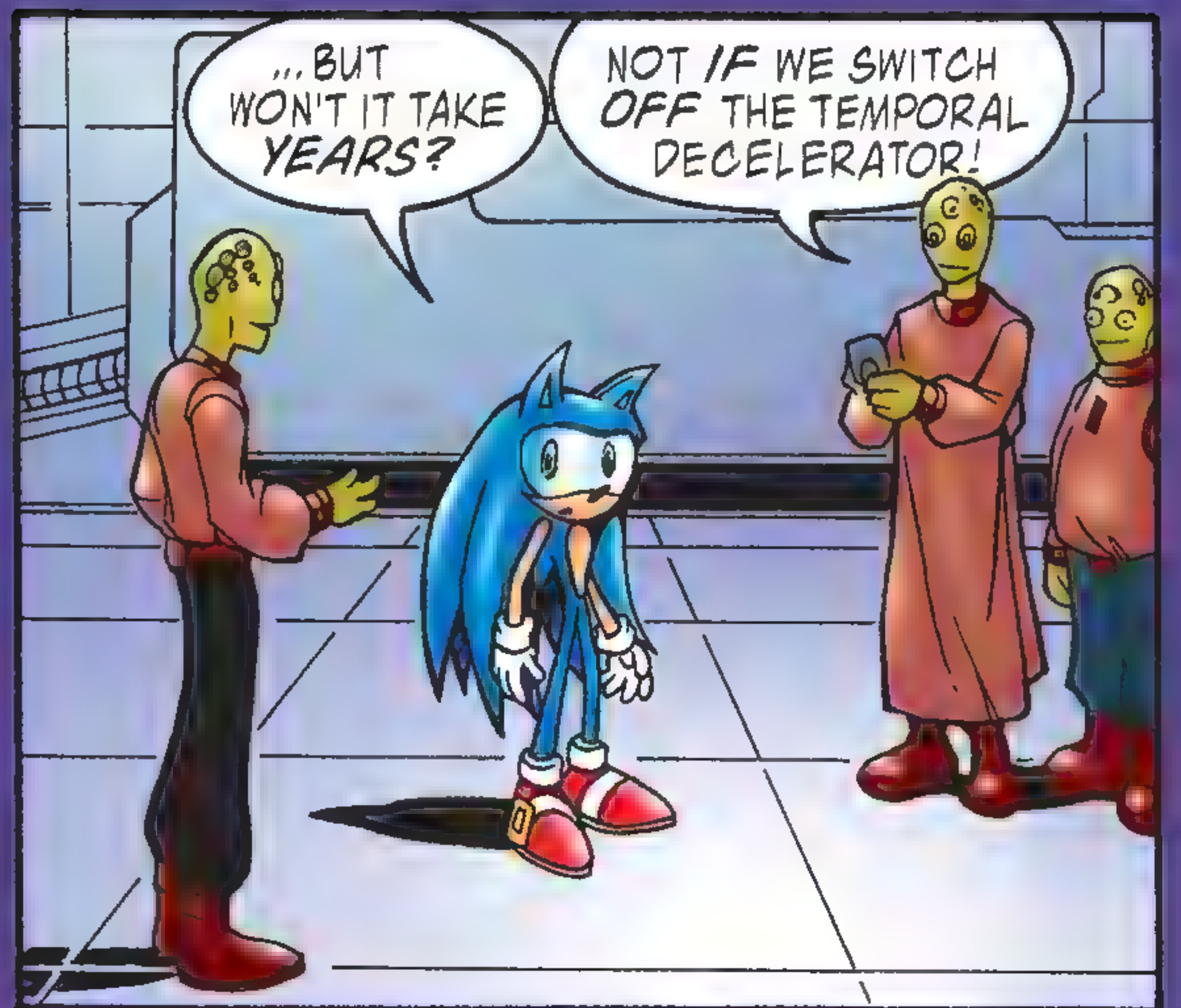
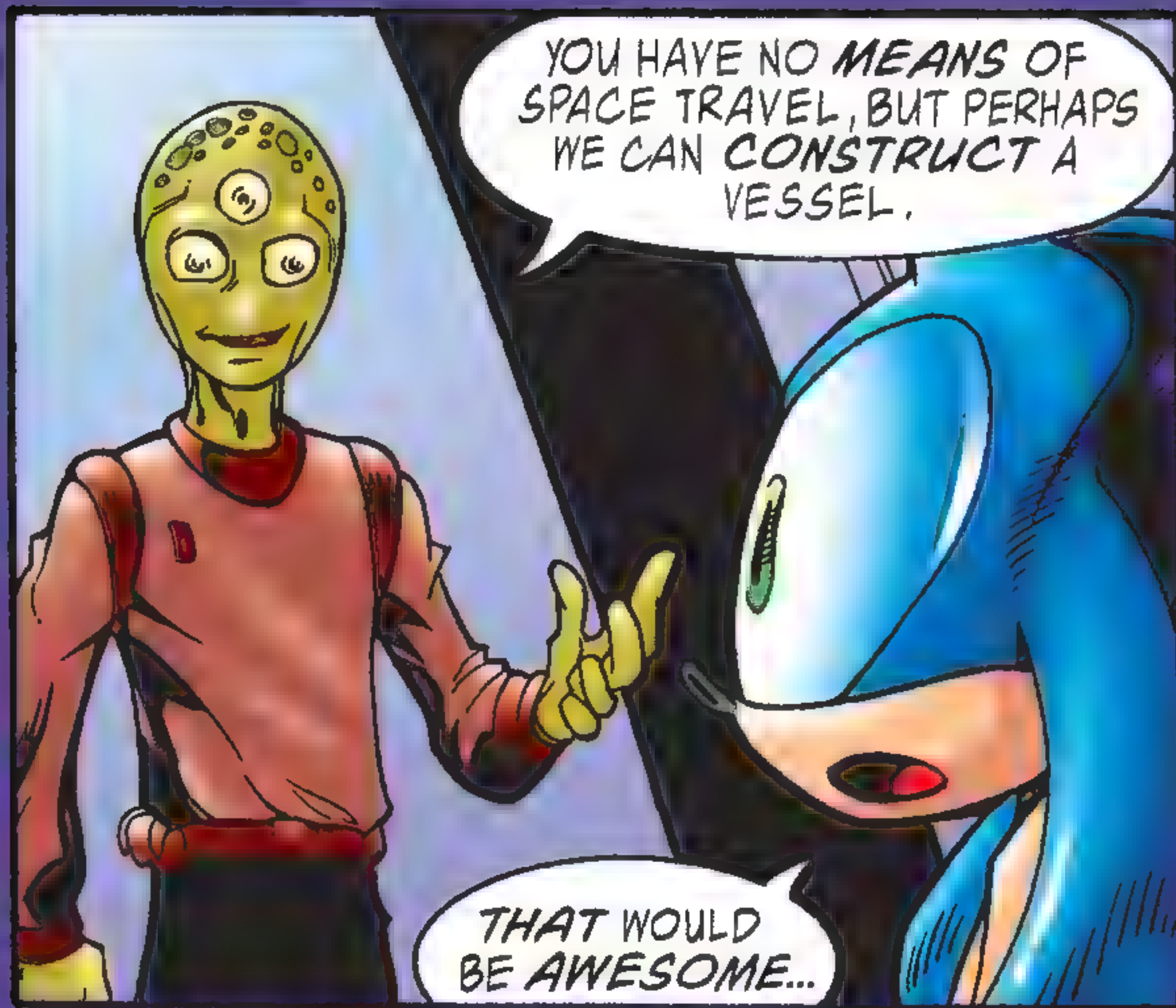
BUT IF YOU'RE NOT A GOD, THEN WHAT ARE YOU...?

I'M A HEDGEHOG WHO'S TRYING TO FIND HIS WAY BACK HOME.

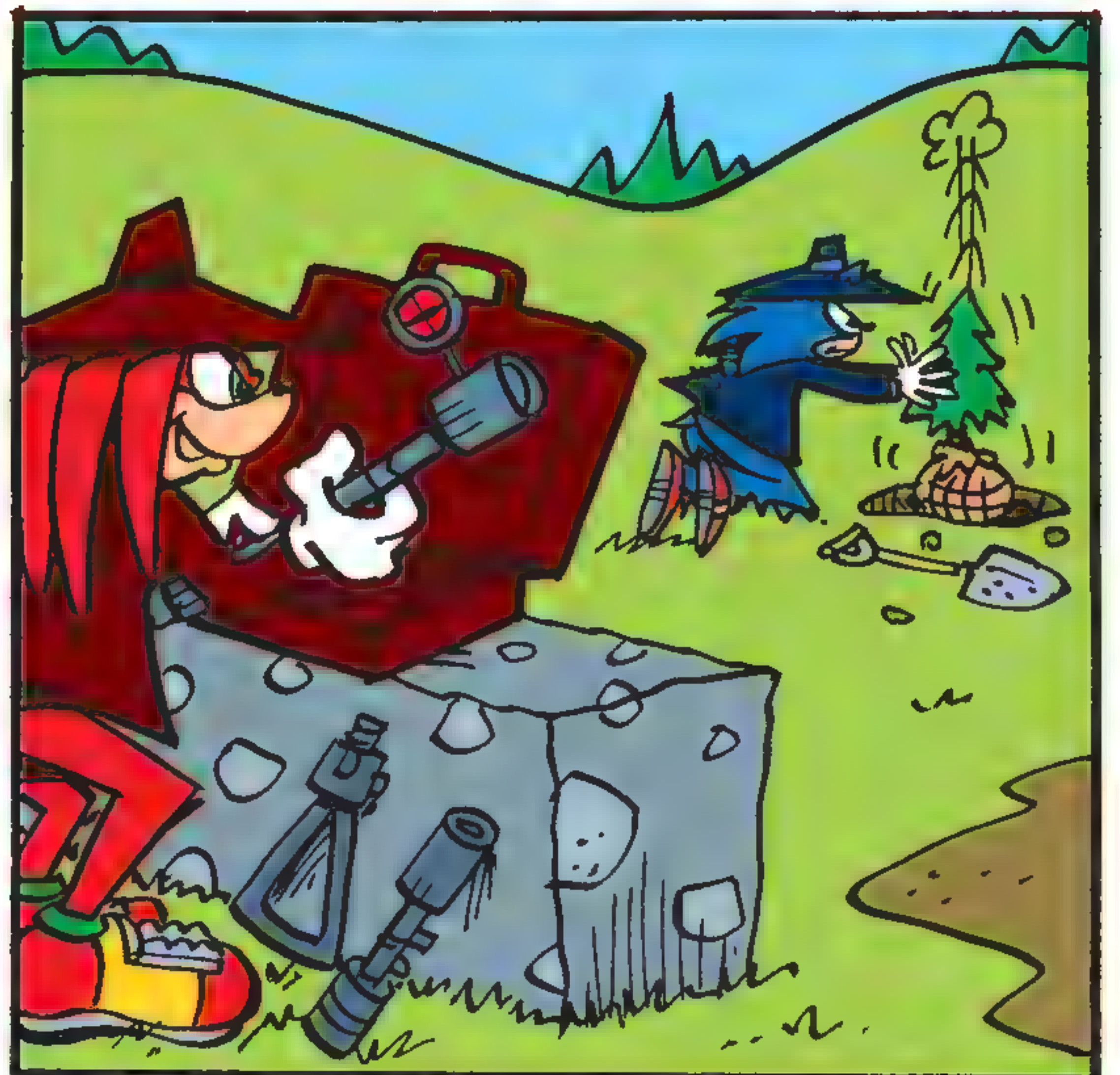
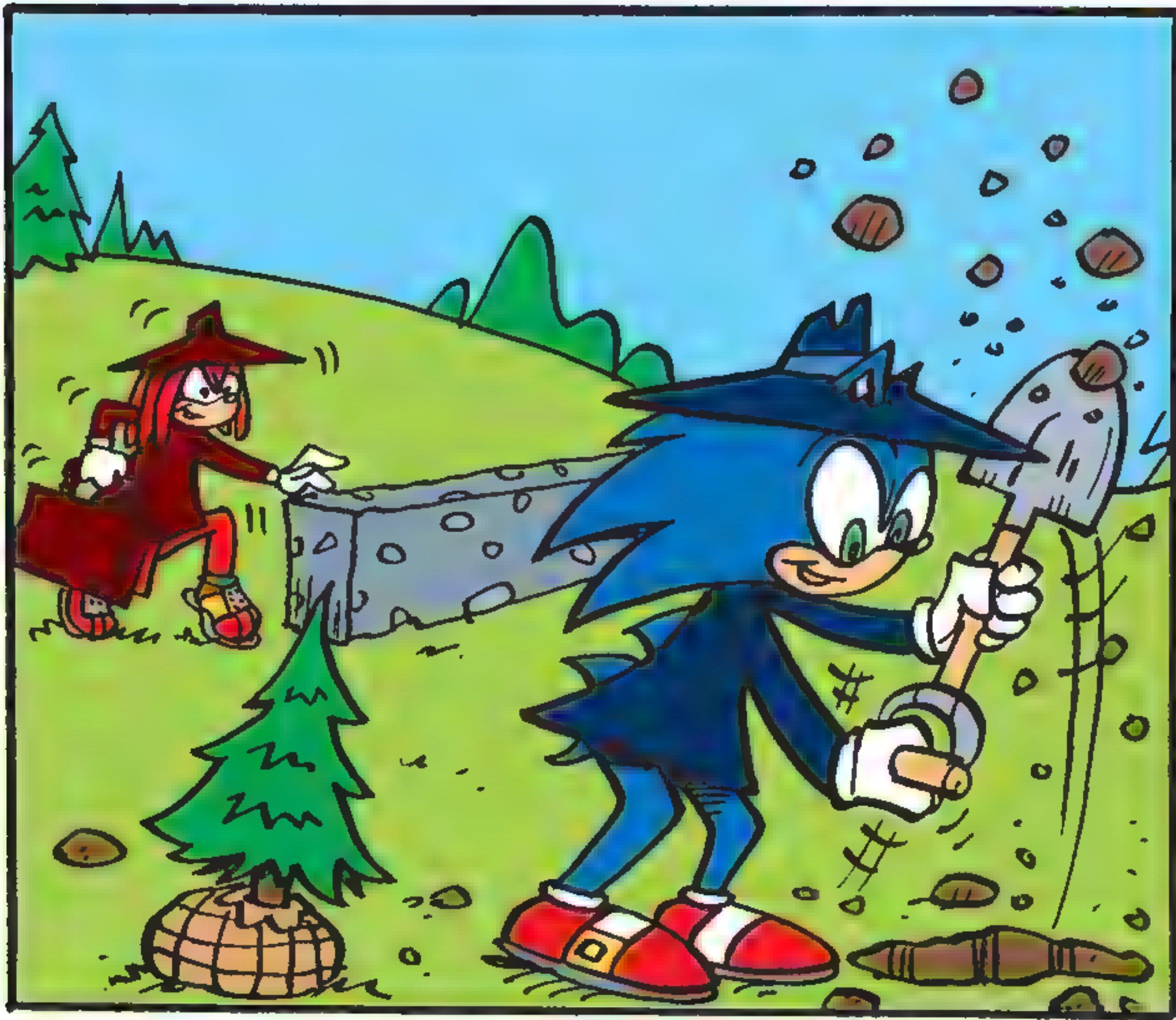


HEDGE... HOG...

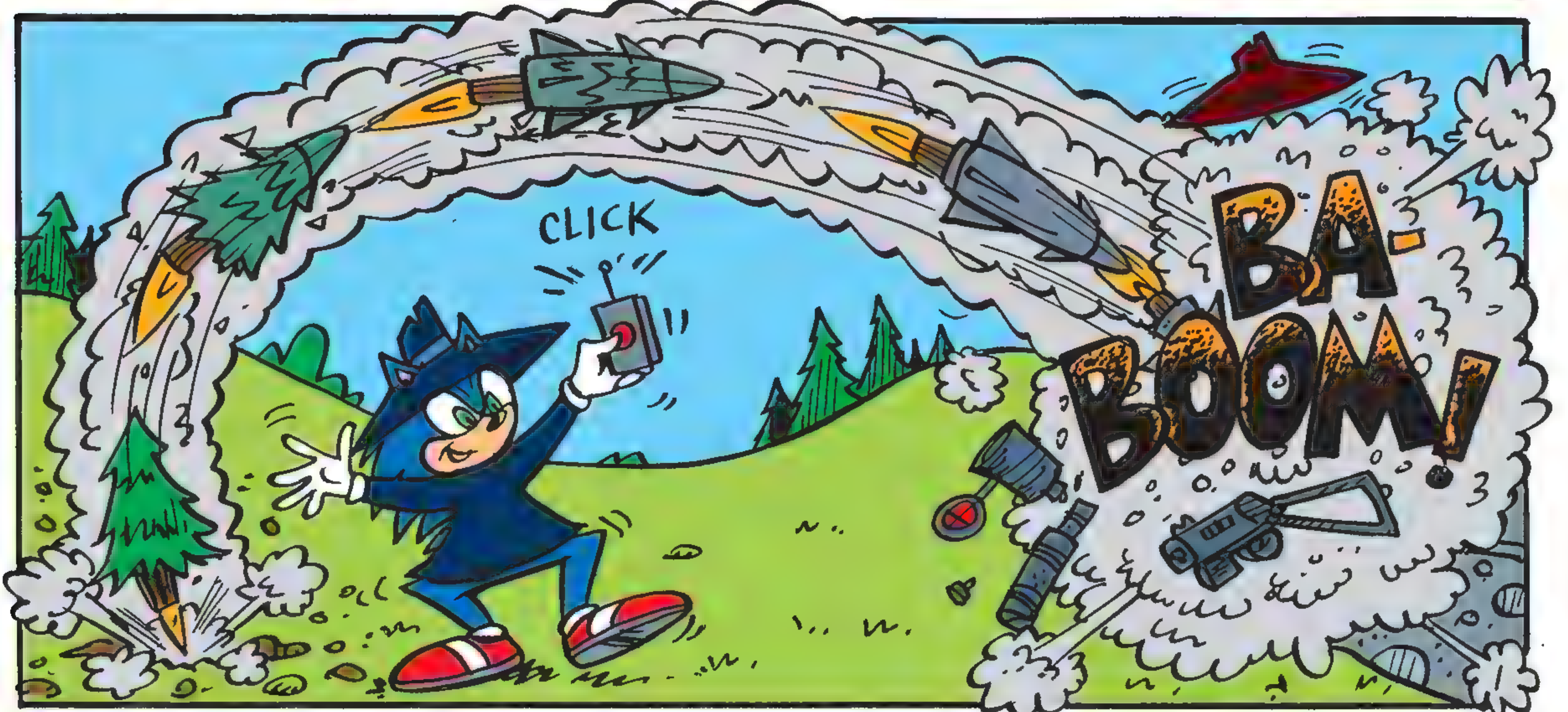
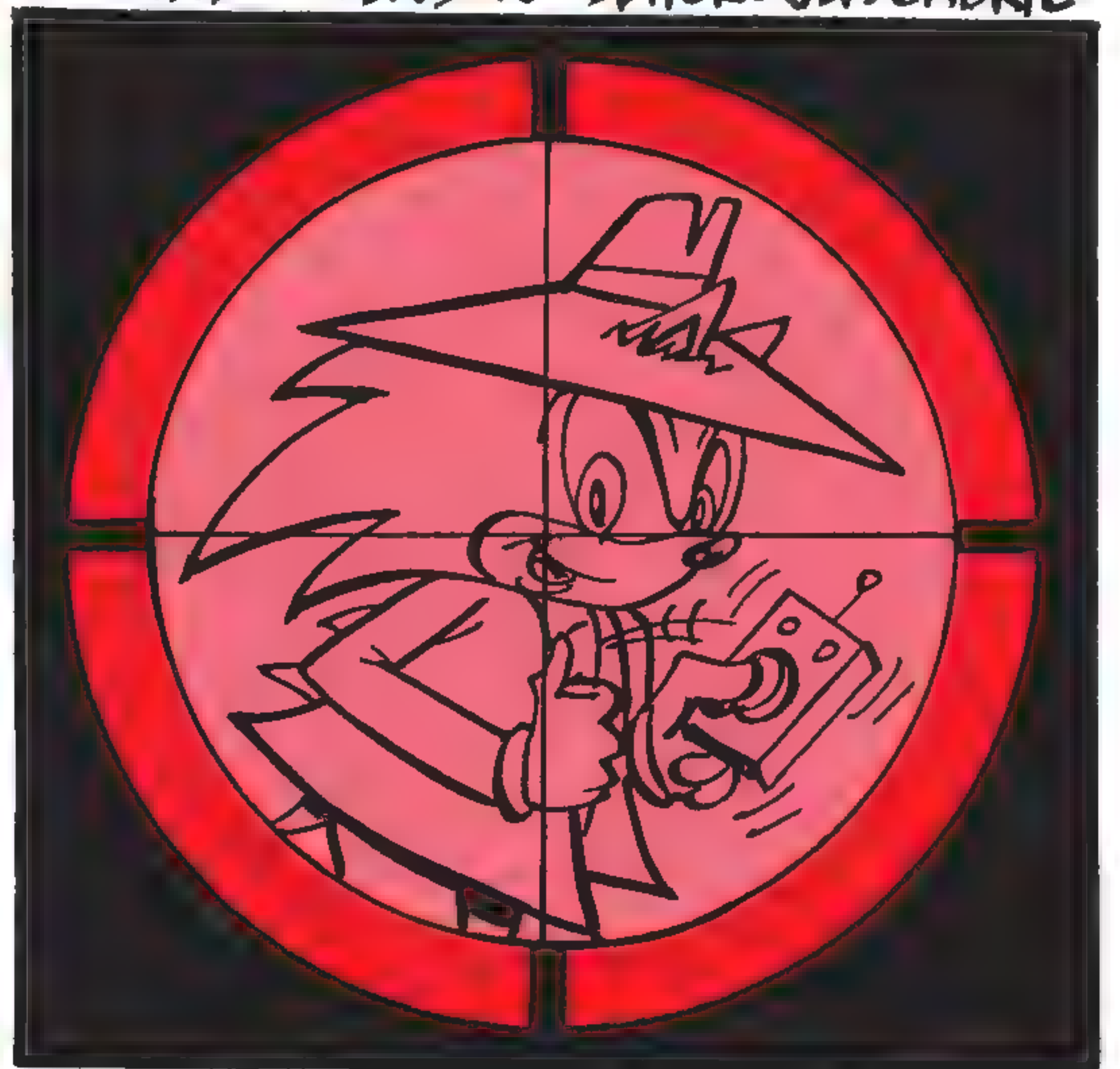


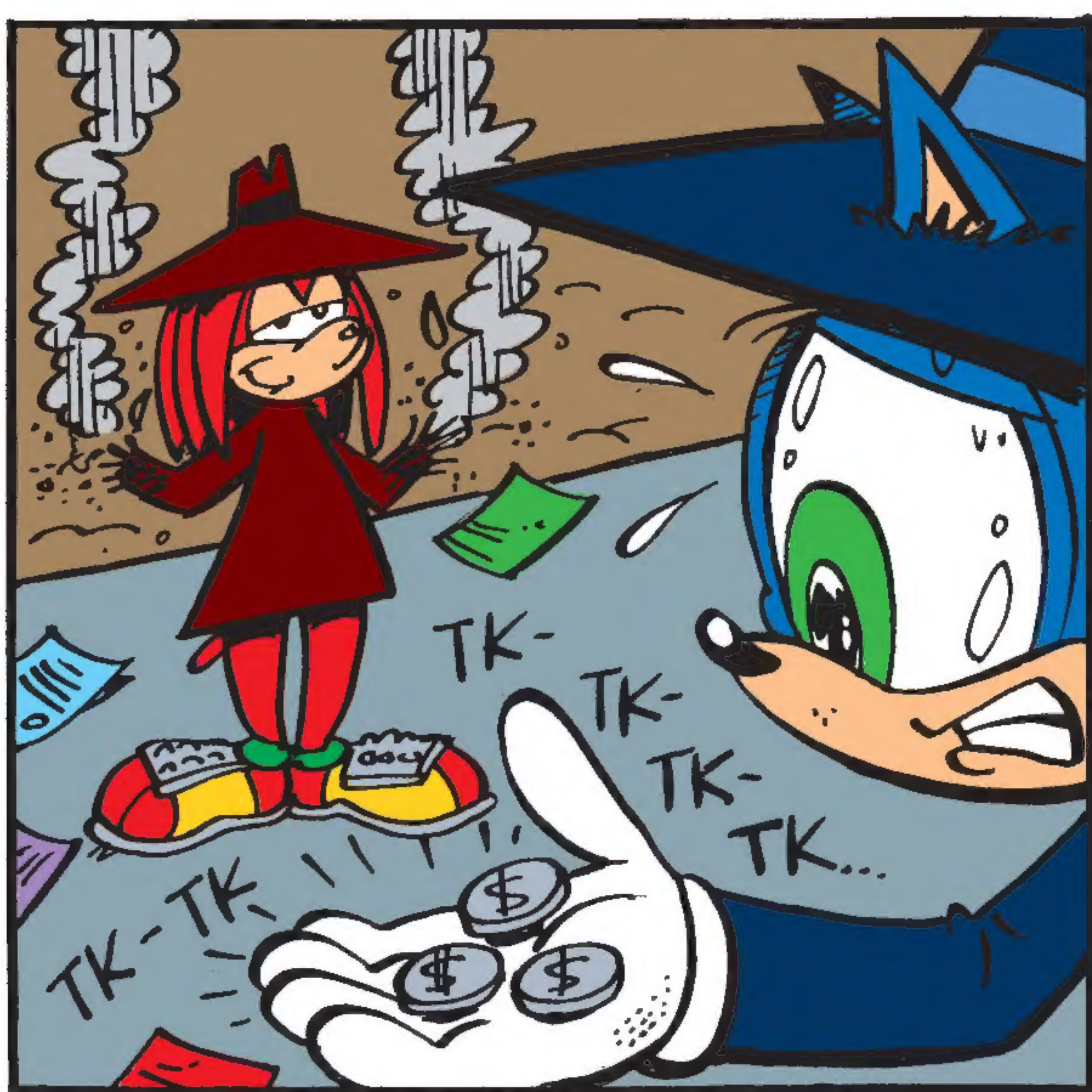
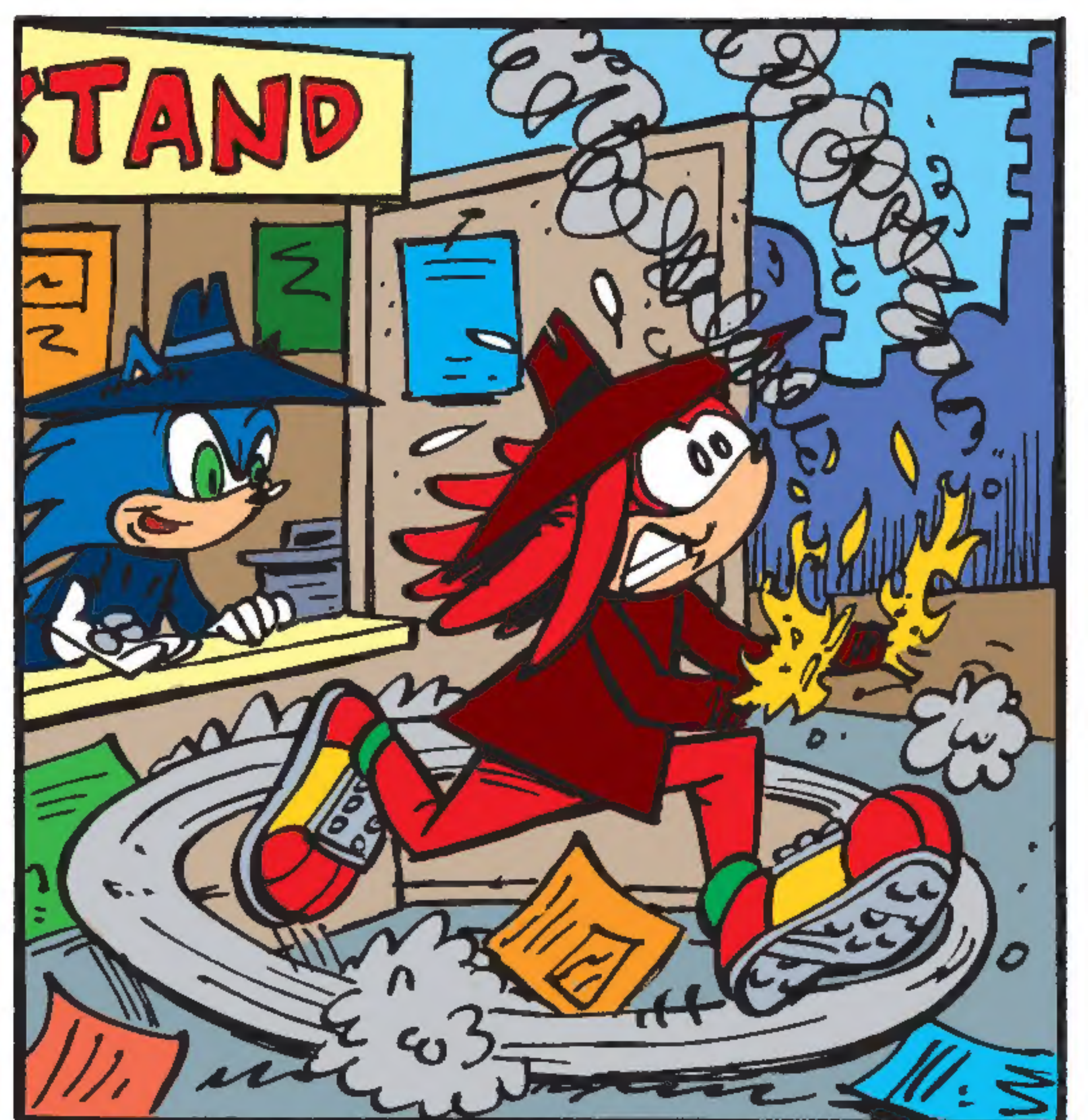


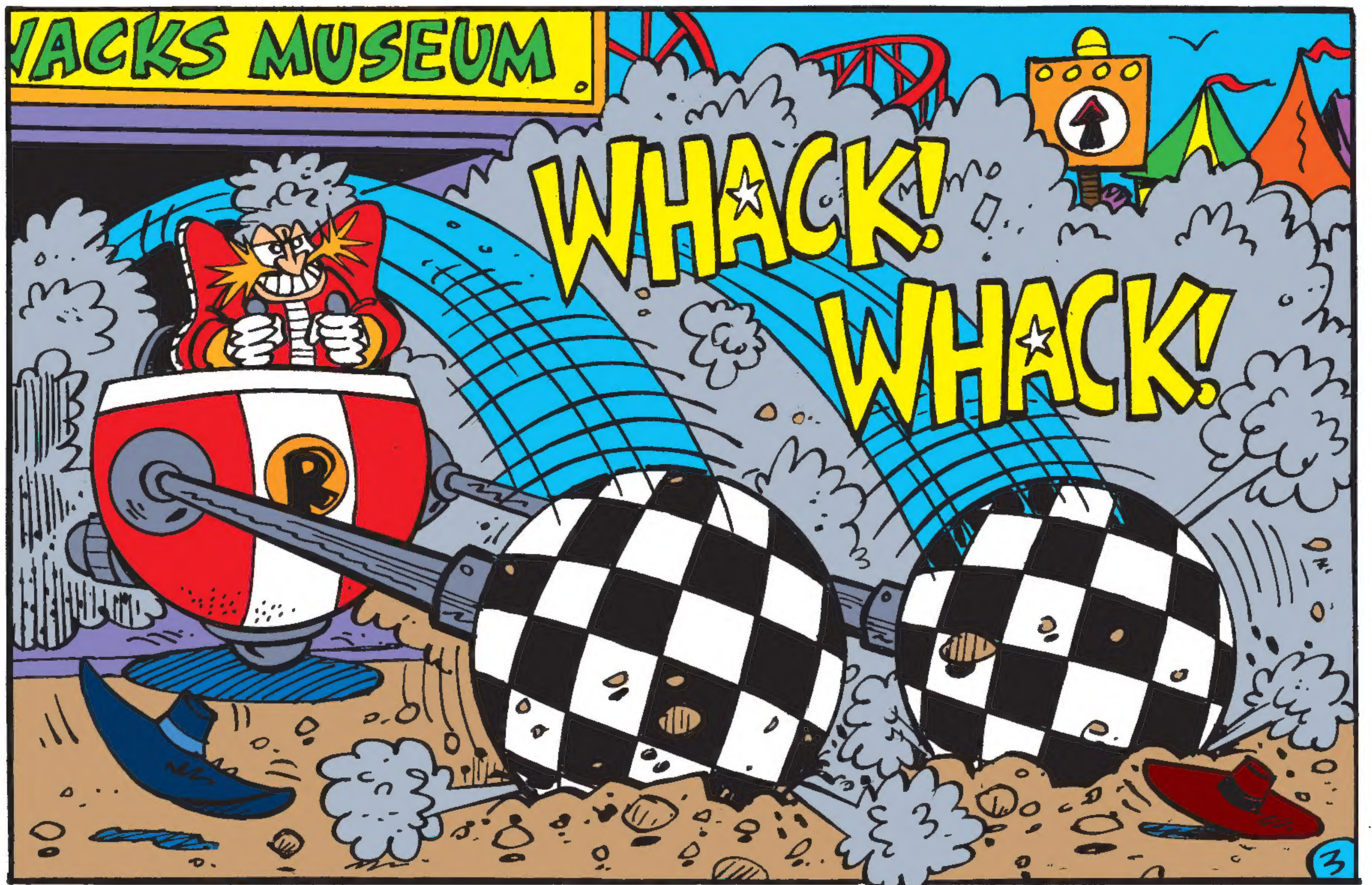
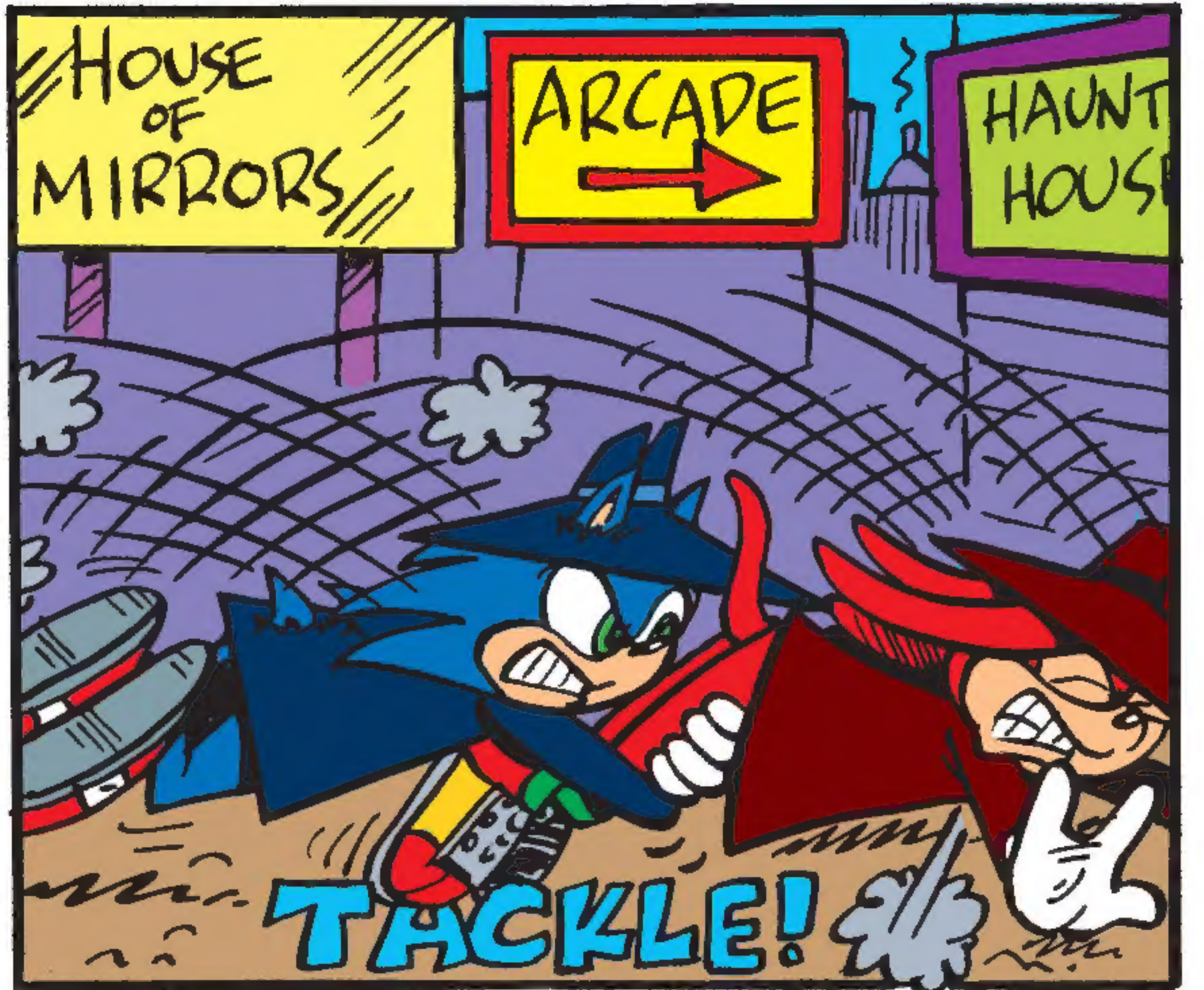
AGENT SONIC VS AGENT KNUCKLES

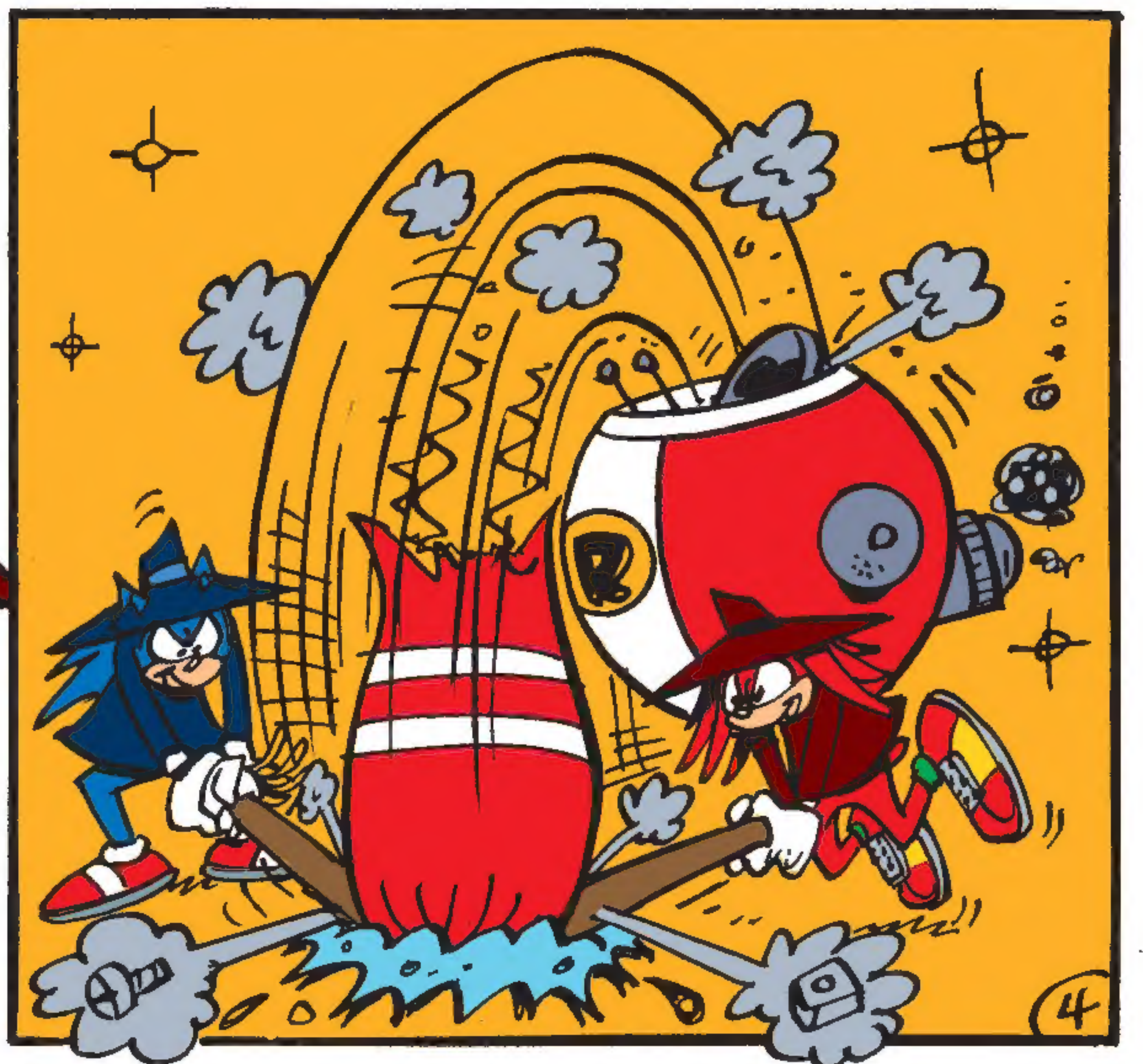
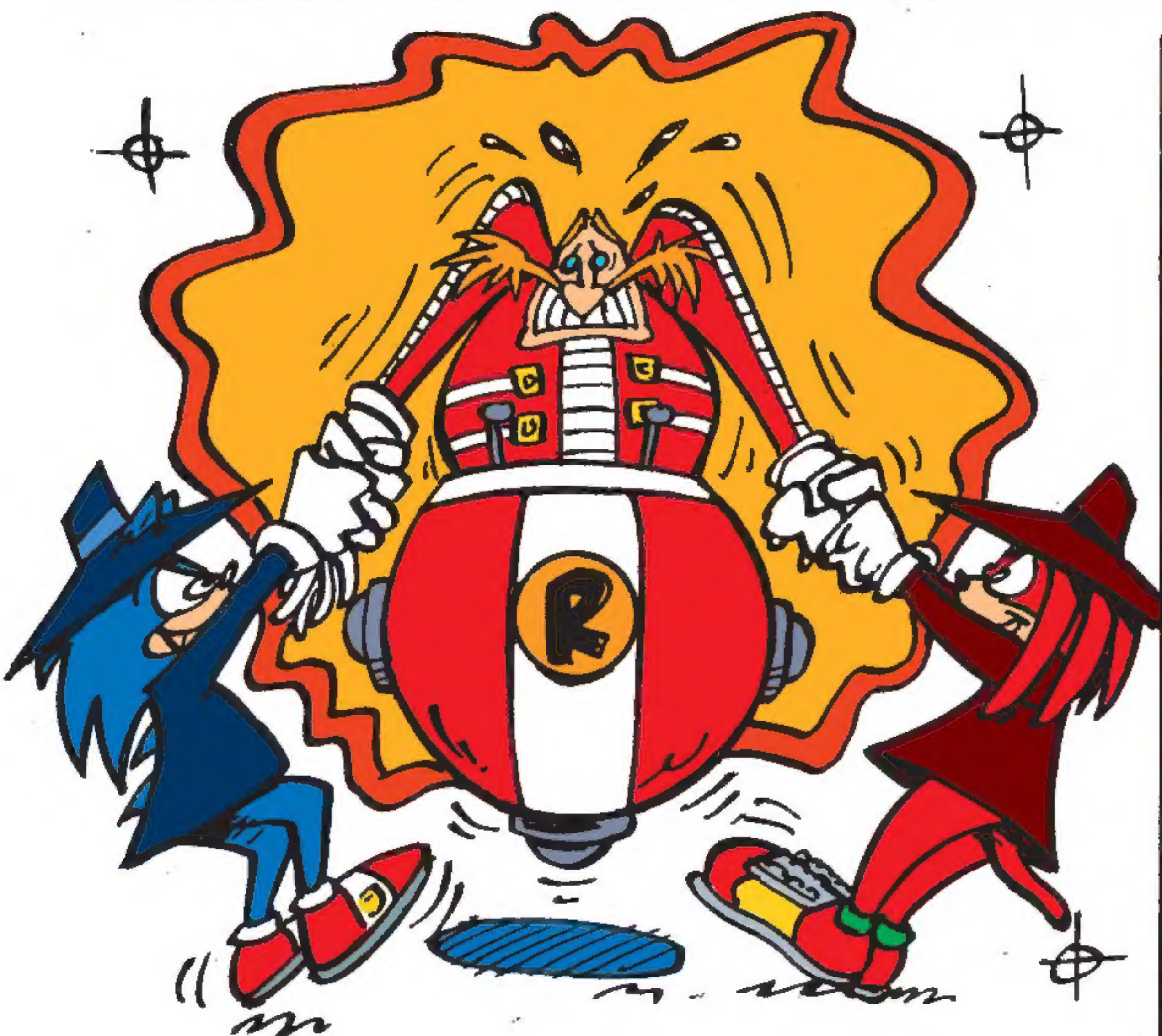
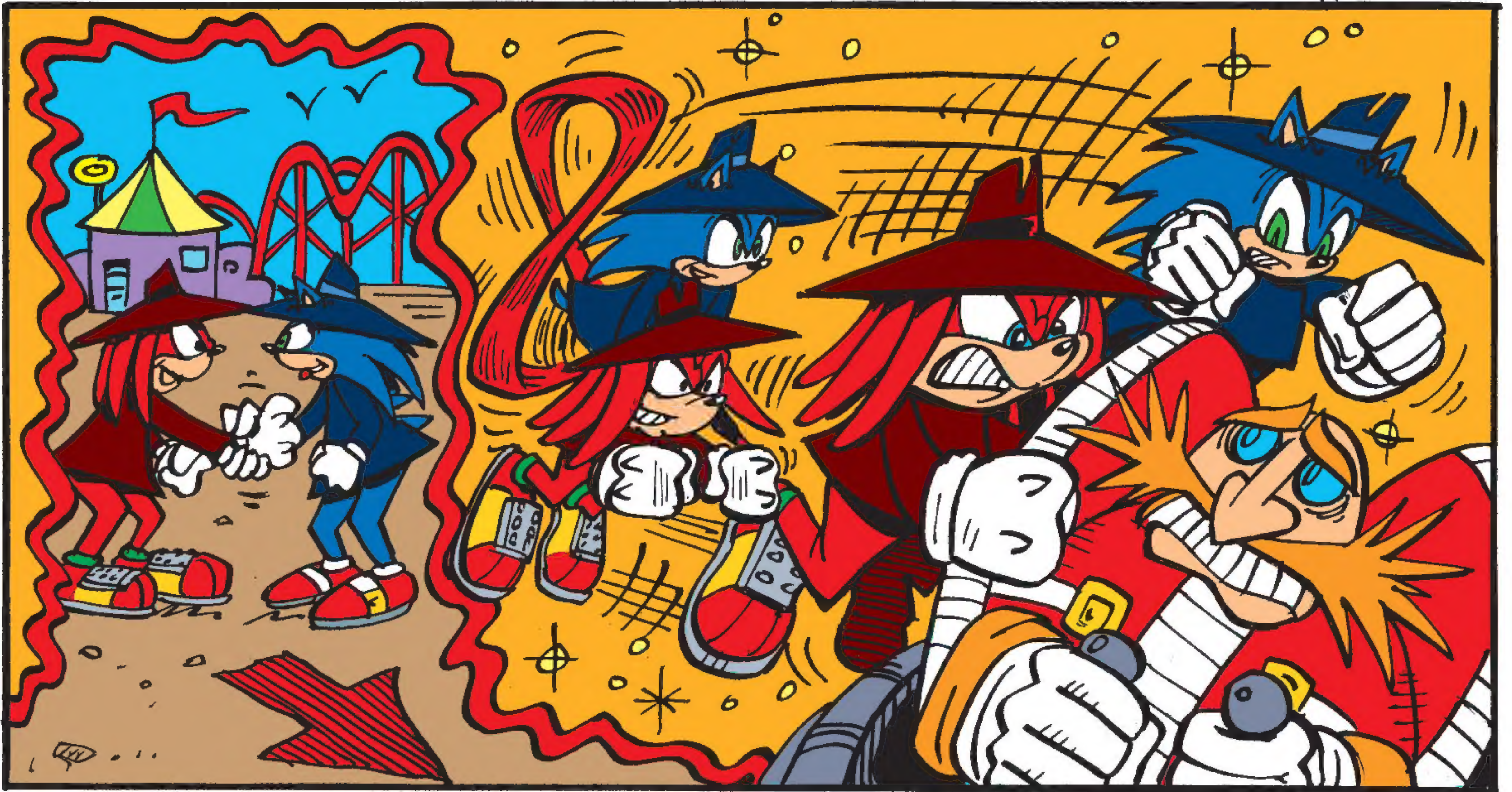
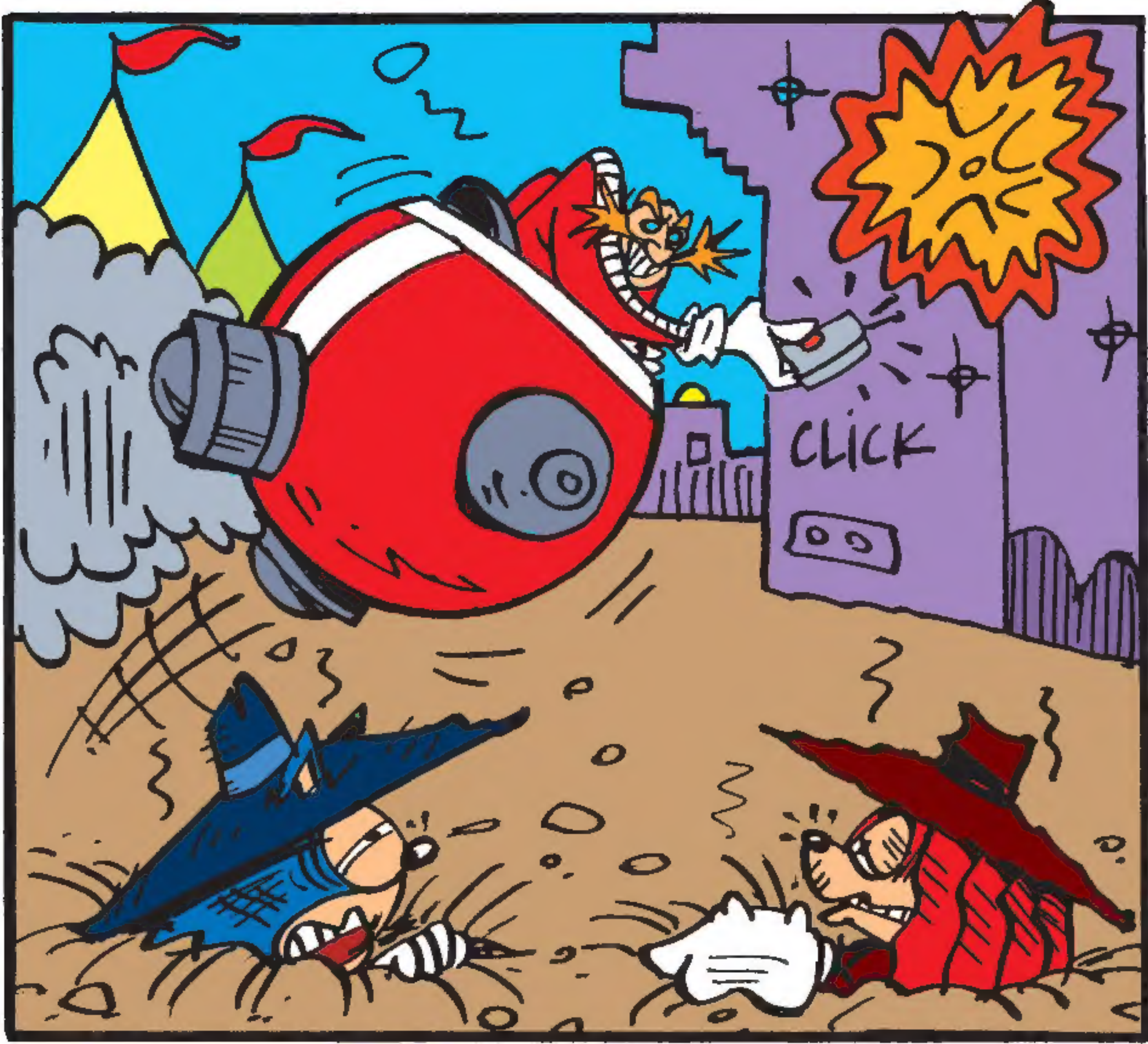


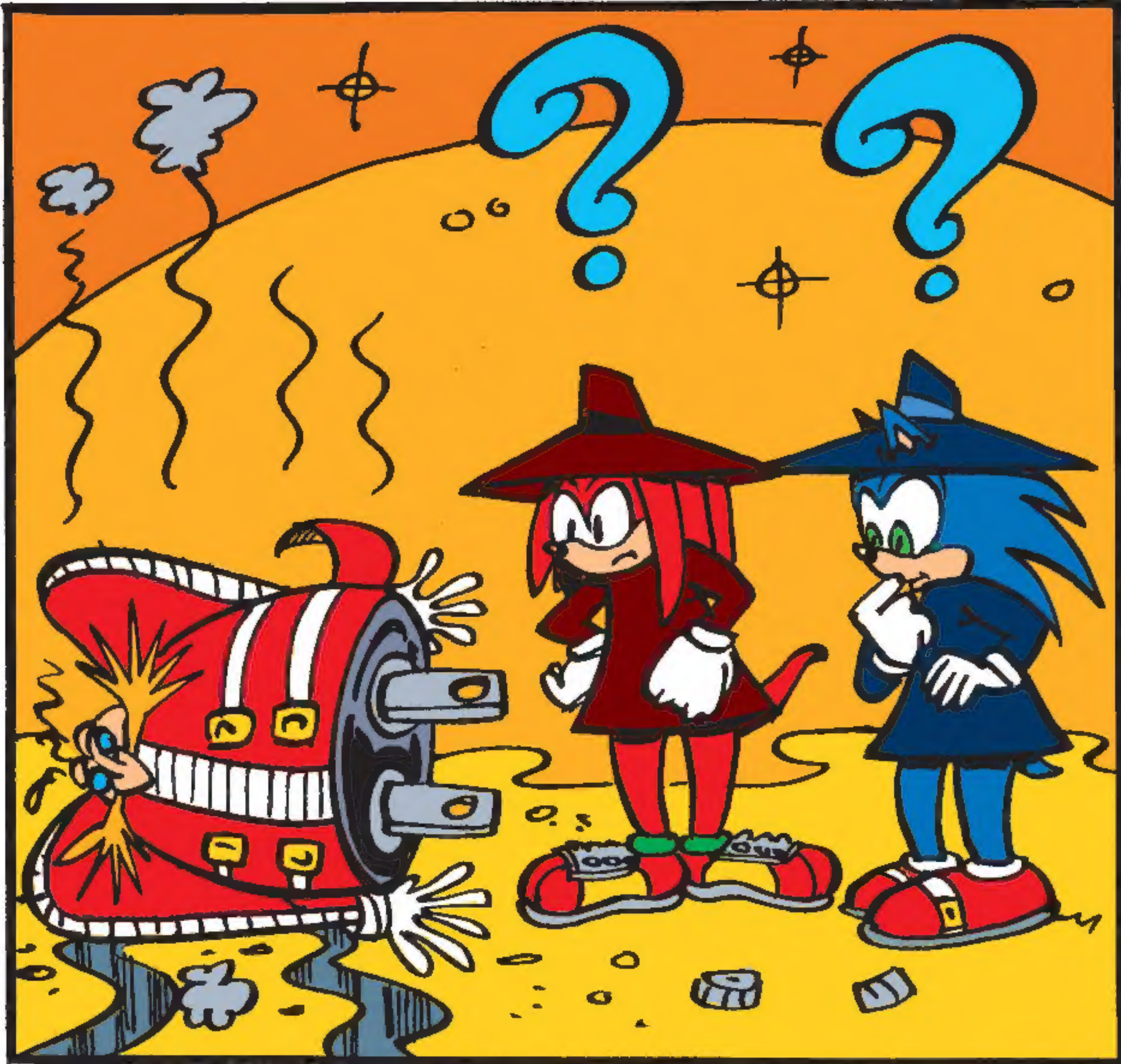
WRITER: MICHAEL GALLAGHER - ART: DAVE MANAK - COLORIST: JASON JENSON - EDITOR: J.F. GABRIE



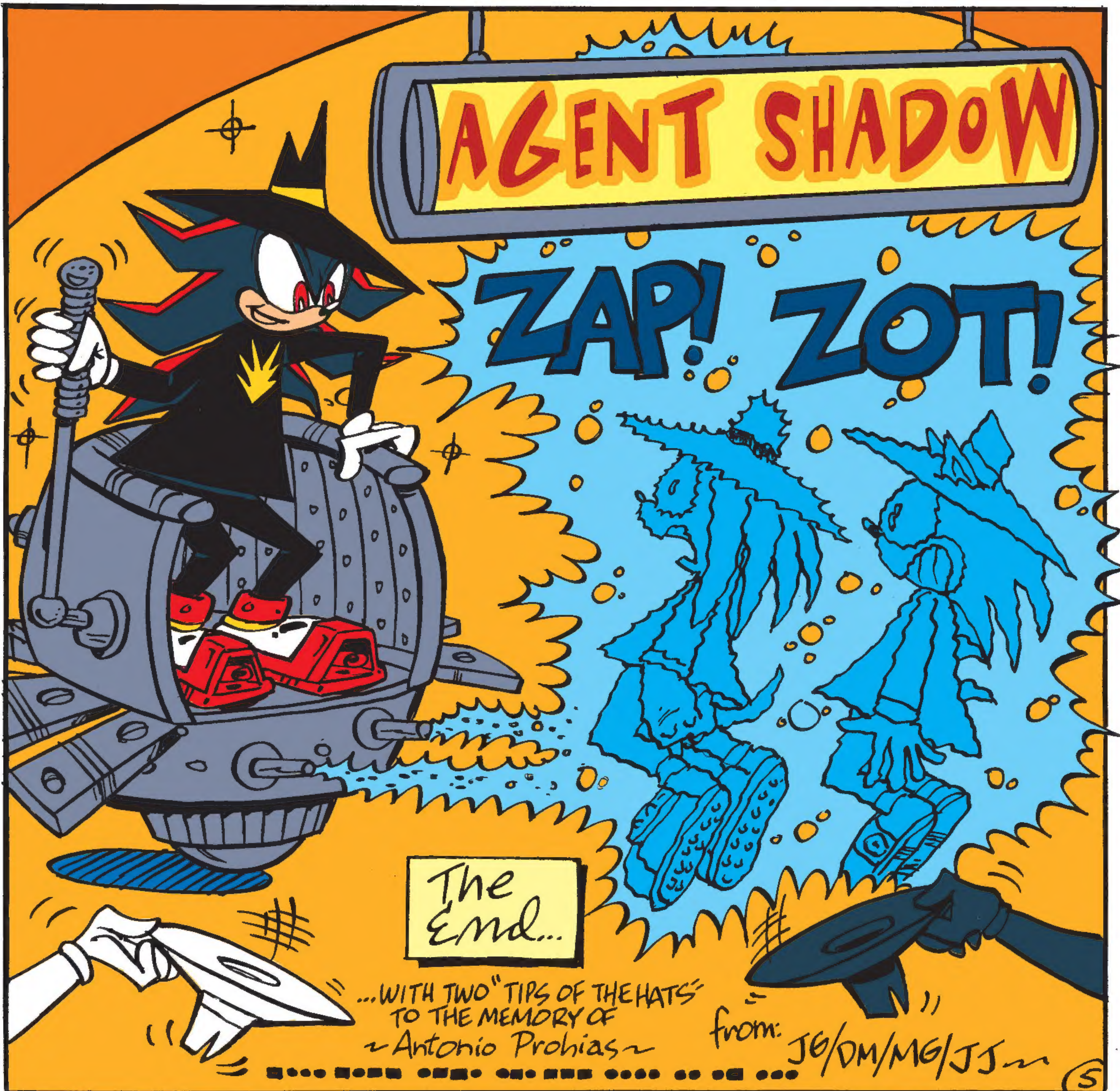








CLICK! HUMMM-
Whirrr... ch-chank!



AGENT SHADOW

ZAP! ZOT!

The End...

...WITH TWO "TIPS OF THE HATS"
TO THE MEMORY OF
~ Antonio Prohias ~

from: JB/DM/MG/JS